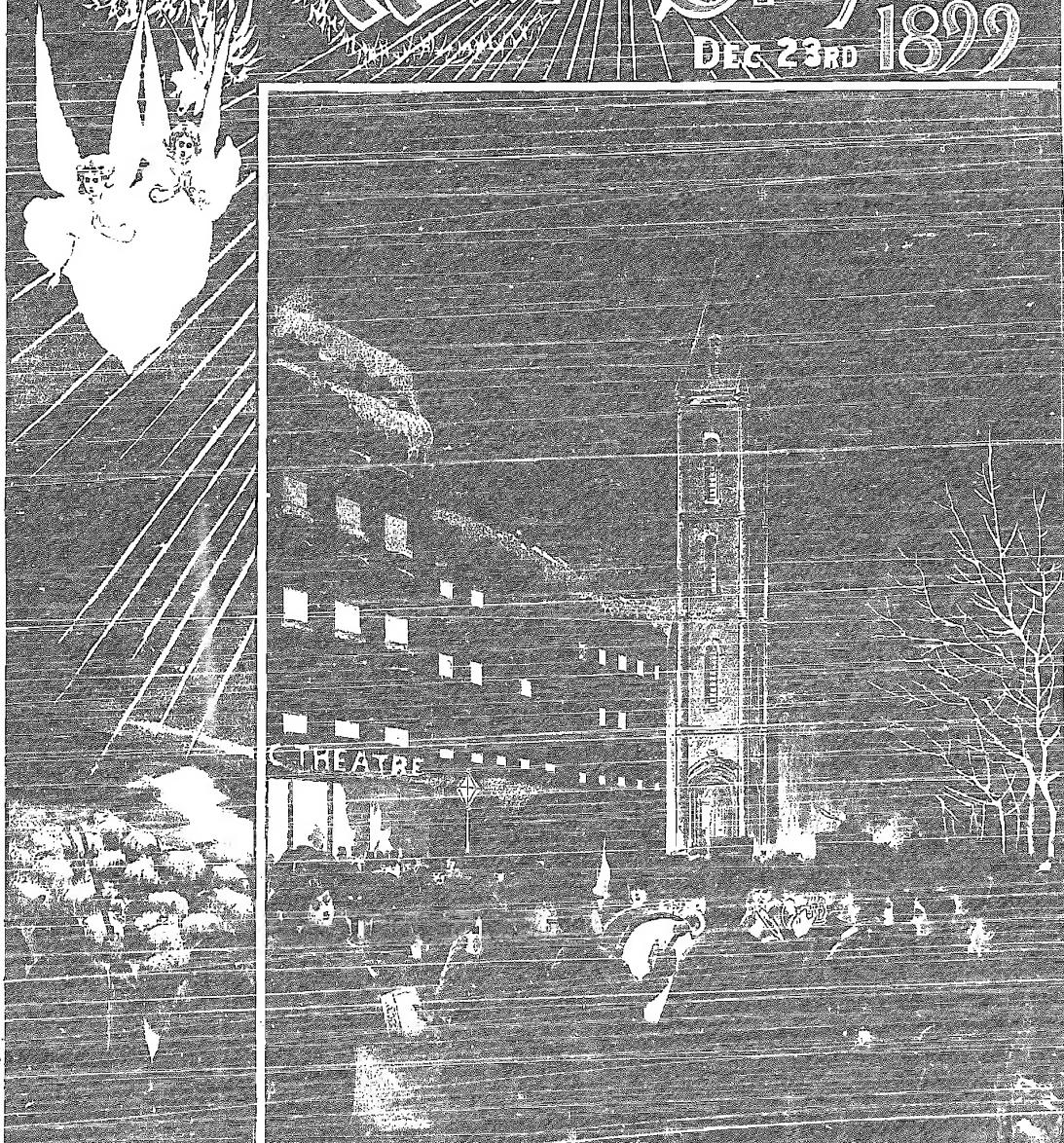


The Christmas War Cry

DEC 23RD 1899



... will draw
Blood
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His mouth
open both,
they can't lie;
may,
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are done,
shall fly.
King,
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rite.

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DE SECRETARY,

Toronto

Official Gazette of

new, printed and pu

M. C. Horn, 3 A

18 Albert Street

Christmas Chimes

Harken! how the Christmas chime
Sings on earth its song sublime!
See those twain with weary feet
Wander through the village street—
Doors are closed against the stranger,
See the Child, the meek and lowly,
Christ the mighty, the all-holy,
Sleeping cradled in a manger.

Harken! still the Christmas chime
Sings on earth its song sublime!
Wondering shepherds see the sight
Flooded with celestial light—
Wondering hear the angel message.
Come, and let us kneel before Him,
Let us find Him and adore Him.
Peace on earth this Child doth presage.

Sing your joy, O Christmas chime! Sing your joy, O Christmas chime!
Let us keep the Christmas-time. Let us keep the Christmas-time.
Be the loaf of plenty doled, Let all strife and hatred cease,
Be the poor man's heart consoled. Kindness live, good-will and peace
Thus we keep the Christmas-time. Thus we keep the Christmas-time.

Harken! still the Christmas chime
Sings on earth its song sublime!
Eagerly the Magi sped
By the wondrous star-beam led,
Gold and myrrh and incense offer
Me brings most, yes, Me the highest
Draweth unto God the Highest,
Who a heart of love doth proffer.)

Sing your joy, O Christmas chime!
Let us keep the Christmas-time;
Love shall be the law to bind
In one band all humankind.
Thus we keep the Christmas-time.

CHRISTMAS WAR CRY

1899

16th YEAR, NO. 12.

"HARK! THE HERALD ANGELS SING, GLORY TO OUR NEW BORN KING!"

TORONTO, DEC. 23rd, 1899.

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see the sight
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as chime!
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red cease,
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My Canadian Christmas Chronology.

By THE TERRITORIAL SECRETARY.

1885.



Y first Christmas spent in this Territory was in 1885; at that time the Army work was of necessity very slow, and on account of its rapid growth and its sheer want

of men, was in a somewhat disorganized condition, as compared with the organization of to-day.

I was doing the very best I could in the very awkward position of a four-fold capacity.

(1) As Editor of the War Cry.

(2) As Divisional Officer of the Toronto Division, then composed of 22 corps.

(3) As Aide-de-Camp to Commissioner Coombs, and

(4) As Divisional Officer of the Hamilton Division, comprising 19 corps.

My whole staff of assistants consisted of one stenographer and one "helper." I had no time to think of keeping a diary and spent Christmas Day, as usual, in close application to work behind the scenes till the small hours of the following morning. Happy in Jesus withal.

1886

Was in charge of the Eastern Division, consisting of the Provinces of New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, Prince Edward Island, and the Colony of Newfoundland. Had to travel in a train late in the night of the 24th, from St. John, arriving at Moncton about midnight. Got two or three hours' sleep and took the 4:10 a.m. train on I. C. R. for a "Big Go" at Westville, N. S.

Train was seriously delayed, consequently could not reach Westville until 4 p.m. Adj't. McEntyre (now Brigadier at Buffalo, N. Y.) was leading, and by that time had got well on with the afternoon holiness meeting. I said a few words, and we wound up with a good row of seekers at the Mercy Seat.



"Wound up with a good row of seekers at the Mercy Seat."

A big Banquet and Jubilee followed. Had a capital time in the latter, and one son for salvation.

Drove to New Glasgow after the meeting, reaching that destination at one o'clock a.m.

1887

At Windsor, N. S., conducted an ordinary Sunday's campaign—four inside meetings and three open-air, with a special soldiers' meeting thrown in. There was too much of feast-making spirit to bring about great results on the spiritual plane. Two sisters, however, sought full salvation. Strove hard for more, but could not get a "move on."

1888

At Toronto, in command of Territorial Training operations and the "Training Home Division." Attended the holiness Convention in the Temple during the morning, conducted by our recent beloved leader, the Commandant, then on tour round the world. Colonel and Mrs. Dowd, and the English "Household Troops" Band were also present. What a time we had, to be sure! Talk about a Christmas feast—out of sight! It was rich, sweet, and heavenly: some 30 or 40 souls cast their idols at the foot of the Cross and rejoiced in the liberty where-

with Christ made them free. Mr. Wm. Godderham entertained the Household Troops' Band during the afternoon.

I spent that period at the "Great Musical

Festival" at night by the Household Troops' Band. The Commandant led and told a side-splitting story respecting the manner in which he and another officer had, during the riots in St. Albans, Eng., tricked the police by taking

out the keys of their carriages and merely pumping wind

the carriage to point—marking the streets with musical instruments. The meeting finished about 10:15 with three

salvoes for salvation.

1889.

Toronto. Took part in the Commissioner's "Three Hours' Holiness Crusade" in the Temple in the morning, in which 40 men and women sought God.

Visited a few friends in afternoon. Great meeting in the Temple at night—a poor Blood-and-Fire affair, with seven

pinpoint St. barracks in afternoon.

Celebrated the Anniversary of the

Training Home, with Banquet and

United Jubilee meeting in evening. Amongst

our eight conversions for the day was

one special case, a man who had just

come out of jail.

About these battles the War Cry has

this to say: "These meetings were three

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pervaded the whole building. Long be-

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A CHRISTMAS EVE IN JAMAICA

By ADJUTANT PHILLIPS, Jamaica.

JOHN SHARPE was a book-keeper on a sugar estate thirty years ago, when "sugar was sugar," and banana plantations were unknown in the island. That is, he was employed as a book-keeper, and known as such, whereas he was in reality neither more nor less than a "nigger-driver," so he always said, and he must have known. He had come out from England to Springfield Estate—long since thrown up—under an agreement to serve three years, otherwise he may not have remained in Jamaica as many months. He had been rarely out of employment, but had not got rich, and was, on the Christmas Eve of which we write, a book-keeper on Moneymusk Banana plantation. Some said that the Attorney only kept on "ole massa" as they were both countrymen, but Englishmen in the West Indies are the reverse of clannish, so this is hardly likely to have been the case. At all events, he was in the receipt of £30 per annum, salary, besides twelve shillings a week for board and washing. His quarters consisted of two rooms in the barracks; but one was also used as a kind of office, where wages were paid every Friday evening. The other was both bed room and dining room, and furnished as follows—one pitch pine bedstead, one table, one chair, one short bench, one tub, and a few mugs, valued at say one pound.

He sat this Christmas Eve, on his one chair in front of his establishment, and, a few feet away, an intelligent-looking black man, named Brown, who was head man for the plantation, sat on a bench smoking an old black pipe, as seriously as if it was an idol that he was worshipping.

Standing in front of these two, and with a bundle of "War Crys" under her arm, was Captain Rebecca Allen, a native officer of the Salvation Army, in full uniform. "Won't you please buy a *War Cry*?" she said, smilingly addressing the white man. "It may do you good to read it, sir, and may be the means, in God's hands, of bringing about your conversion. Then you will have the happiest Christmas that you ever had: you will have Christmas in your soul, sir!"

John Sharpe was never suspected of being religiously inclined. He had been to church but once during the year fast drawing to its close, and the church had never come to him! He often commented upon this fact, and said it was because he was not rich enough. But the Salvation Army had visited him; not the English Officers (as none were stationed near him) but now and again native, black-skinned, Salvationist would pass through the Estate yard selling *War Crys*, or be seen going to and from the meetings held at an outpost in the bye-land, about two miles away.

With that natural repugnance that one in spiritual darkness generally feels for one in spiritual light, he had always spoken harshly to those who wore our uniform. Even this evening, as he afterwards admitted, he felt at first disposed to send this Captain "to the devil," but the word "Christmas" seemed to have a soothing effect upon him, and to alter his determination. That word "Christmas" has Christ in it!

"Has war broken out yet, Captain?" he chaffingly remarked; "you Salvationists are always ahead of other folks. I suppose you've got your own telegraph wires, so that accounts for your having the news in advance of to-day's *Gleaner*, which I've just borrowed from the busher."

"Yes," said she, "war has broken out, and all those who refuse to fight for God will be found out and court-martialed. We work the telegram from earth to heaven, and fight against principalities and powers, and the rulers of the darkness of this world—but you had better buy a *War Cry* and read about it yourself, Sir."

John Sharpe glanced at the paper handed to him, as one looking at something he was somewhat afraid of. "But these songs," he said, "won't you sing one for us?" So the Captain sung—

"When Jesus was born in a manger
The shepherds came thither to see;
And the angels proclaimed that a Saviour was
born
To save a poor sinner like me."

"To save a poor sinner, to save a poor sinner,
To save a poor sinner like me;
And the angels proclaimed that a Saviour was
born
To save a poor sinner like me."

She put her heart into the singing of that solo, asking God to back

it home. There was a tear in the eye of the old book-keeper as he handed her a quittance, (1½d.) and said "That will do. I wouldn't care if I was as black as you outside, if I was only as white inside."

"Will you buy one, Mr. Brown?" asked the Captain, addressing the man of her own color.

"Me?" said he, gruffly, "Oh no."

"Why not?" she asked.

"Because I'm a Church Christian, I was christened and confirmed; I read my Bible every Sunday, and say my prayers every night, but you say I'm on the road to hell," he continued.

"When did I say such a thing?" she asked.

"You? If you don't say as much in as many words, you make people feel just like that—and it's not me alone that notices it—when they go to your meetings. Then you has a chorus about 'There's Christmas in my soul'; can Christmas be in anybody's soul? I calls it a piece of blasphemy."

"Well," said the Captain, not attempting to argue with a man who she saw needed light and not argument, "as you won't buy a *War Cry*, I'm going to ask God to bless you." And she knelt down and did so, while he continued puffing away at his idol.

When she had gone John Sharpe began reading the *War Cry*, while the head man embraced the opportunity of looking at the *Gleaner*.

After a while the latter spoke and said, "Skeeter! there's a nice piece here about King Banana—shall I read it to you?"

"If you like," said John.

So the other (who had really been trained as a schoolmaster, but had been turned out for imminority) read—

"God save the King! they cried,

He is our hope and pride,

God save the King!

Long have we subjects been,

Ever his glory seen—

Acres of waving green;

God save the King!

Sugar and rum brought he,

Bitter and sweet to be—

God save the King!

Was there a man dismayed,

When Beat would spoil our trade—

Louder each planter brayed—

God save the King!

At length our hopes seemed dead;

Blasted by 'bounty-fool?'

God save the King!

List to the cry again;

Not for the King of Can—

He now has ceased to reign—

God save the King!

King of Bananas, he

Has won the victory—

God save the King!

Shout for the Boston line,

Treating to Yankee clime;

Shout for a better time—

God save the King!

There was another pause, broken only by the hum of the mosquitoes who had come down with the shades of night, and were pitching on the hands and faces of these two men, trying to get a suck of the blood of each, irrespective of their color. Like the worms that come after them, they recognize no "color line!"

John Sharpe was the first to speak. "Who is the King of your life?" he asked.

"What?" said the headman, and John repeated the question.

"Do you mean whether it is King Cane or King Banana?" he asked.

"Of course not," said the first speaker, "If I meant it like that, I'd have put in King Rum too, who will receive a deal of devotion from you before this Christmas is over, I expect."

"Then it's a kind of catechism you're asking me?" said the headman, "in that case I decline to answer any but a duly ordained clergyman of the Church of England."

This rebuff somewhat annoyed John, and he felt inclined to quarrel with his next-door neighbor—for their rooms adjoined each other. However, he remembered that it was Christmas Eve, so he began to hum to himself—

"To save a poor sinner, to save a poor sinner."

But he had not quite caught the tune, although he had an ear for music. Then an idea struck him.

"Do you know that song, Brown?" he asked.

"Yes," replied the head-man, "those Smiths live next door to me. They've joined the Army, and sing it at all times, so I can't help knowing it, I wish I could. I never saw such people to sing—sometimes far into the night, and sometimes before day. And they've discarded all the beautiful long metre tunes that have been sung in the church from the days of the Apostles: that bring such a solemn feeling on anybody, when the organ plays, and the dim religious light comes through the colored glass windows." Then Brown sighed as he remembered that all this did not prevent his living an immoral life.

"Well," said John, "come in my room and sing it for me until I learn it, and when your throat gets dry, help yourself out of you-know-what, to moisten it. Come along, man!" said he, "it's Christmas Eve!"



"Standing in front of these two, and with a bundle of 'War Crys' under her arm, was Captain Rebecca Allen, a native Officer."

Then Brown did as he was told, while his superior officer not only learnt the tune, but dropped off to sleep while learning it, and so laid back on his bed.

"Are you awake?" Getting no answer but a kind of half snore, Brown took another drink, and went to his bed. And this is how they spent Christmas Eve.

The book-keeper and head-man could not have had more than two hours' sleep, when they were aroused by the cry of "Cattle bruck pen!" That cry has the same effect upon planters as what the cry of "Fire" would have upon some others. There was not a moment to be lost. Hastily pulling on their over-clothes, for the others had not been taken off, they hurried to the coolie houses as fast as possible, and to the old village, where some Creoles lived, to arouse them, and to get them out to help. While the head-man remained to see that they really did come out—for it is a work they never get paid for and always try to shirk—John Sharpe, with the aid of his walking stick, trudged off to the cattle pen, and found one side of it broken down, with about a dozen cattle inside, and Baboosing, the coolie watchman, standing in the breach.

"You coolie scamp!" said he, "how did the pen manage fe bruck?"

"Dat wutless Brownman 'teer, Sah; wen him inside de pen him tek him horn fe bruck fe come out: ef him was outside, him woulda brucke fe come in," said the coolie.

"Where was you? You must have been fast asleep!" exclaimed the book-keeper.

"Neber, Sah! me tan up tarras side o' de pen, Sah. Massa God witness, Sah," replied he.

"Chut! what do you know about Massa God—you will soon want to prove to me that you were standing on the other side of Heaven." John Sharpe said this in an undertone, for the influence of that word "Christmas" was still upon him.

By this time the estate hands were whooping up some of the cattle, and driving them out of the young bananas, which they were fast destroying. But it was nearly daylight when the last cow, with a calf almost as big as herself, was got into the bamboo pen; that also had to be mended.

Both Sharpe and Brown had a quiet Christmas; for after this night's exercise, they both slept the greater part of the

day. For two Christmases the book-keeper had been invited to dine with the busher, and Brown's dinner had been sent down, with a plate of pudding, and a bottle of orange wine. But when Mary Jane came to call the book-keeper to-day, he replied, "Tell the busher I'm very sorry, but I've got aague coming on me, and the fever will be sure to follow." And it did. Fever followsague as sure as the judgment follows death.

Not for one night, but for days and nights did the fever come and go, although a doctor was sent for by order of the busher, and Miss Margaret, an old colored woman, was employed as a nurse.

It was Dr. Whitehead—who generally sneered at religion, and often boasted of how he could draw people through a sickness—who suggested that a clergyman should be sent for. And the next morning the young Rector drove up in his buggy, bringing along some Bread and Wine, in case the dying man should wish to receive the Sacrament.

"Would you like me to pray for you?" asked the clergyman, who had been repeating some really helpful texts of Scripture.

"If you like," was all the answer he got. So he prayed, and after asking a bit about the medicines used, bade good-bye and drove away.

After a while, John beckoned to Miss Margaret, and whispered in her ear: "Send for the Captain to sing for me."

But she was already on the way to visit him, for she had heard of his illness. "Oh, Lord," she prayed, "you had mercy on the thief on the cross, won't You save this dying man, who feels that he's a sinner?" And the prayer was to be answered, and answered through her song.

He had just sweated off one attack of fever when she arrived, but it had left him weak and pale. The once strong looking man seemed but a shadow of his former self. Yet there was a look in his eye that increased the faith of her who had learnt that the eye is so often an index of the heart.

He was not only glad to hear her sing the song that had reached his heart, but he tried his best to help her sing it. When he found that his tongue was getting heavy, he raised his right hand, and moved it to and fro to the beat of the song:—

"To save a poor sinner, to save a poor sinner
To save a poor sinner like me!"

While she was singing, and before she had the opportunity of praying aloud among those who were standing around that death-bed scene, he "fell asleep" for the last time, and she felt then that another soul had got through!

Lila's Last Christmas.

BY ADJUTANT JOST.

We often recall the scene of the Home Parlors on Christmas afternoon. At 4:30 the gas was lighted, and girls and children gathered in front of the folding doors, an expectant group, waiting for the first sight of the Christmas Tree, to which they had been looking forward for weeks. The folding doors rolled back and there it stood, festooned with wreaths of snowy pop corn, well laden with good things, fruit, candy, etc., as well as presents for each one, even down to the little tot of four weeks old.

In the midst of the group sat Lila. For months, consumption had been doing its deadly work, until scarcely anything remained but the poor, emaciated frame, of what had once been a bright, healthy girl. Sin had blighted, and well nigh destroyed, both soul and body. As the presents were distributed and her share laid upon her lap, she smiled her thanks, too weak to speak. She had pleaded so hard to be allowed to come down stairs to have her Christmas dinner with us, and see the Christmas Tree, so we had consented. It was rather a sad dinner table, although our kind friends had generously provided us with everything that could be desired, and we had made a covenant with ourselves and each other, to put away thoughts of individual home circles, and do our utmost to make a merry Christmas together, as the "solitary, whom He maketh to sit in families." As we gathered around the table, we noticed amidst all the effort to be merry and light-hearted, more than one of the dear girls put the food to their mouths and then back again to the plate untouched, and the tears gathered which they bravely tried to keep from falling. We

knew they were thinking of home,—father and mother,—from whom they were, some of them, for the first time separated, and saddest thought of all,

EXILED THROUGH SIN.

But to return to Lila. Christmas over, she sank rapidly. Another short week closed her earthly story. Such a short, sad one it had been. From the age of twelve she began the downward path, with every now and then a struggle towards a better life, but always ending in defeat. Shortly after coming in the Home, (some months before this Xmas) when in one of our little Sunday night Home Meetings, she had laid her poor, weary, sin-tossed soul at Jesus' feet.

**

On New Years' day she died. The night before, as some were preparing to go to the Watch Night service in the barracks, she asked if we would remain with her, and hold ours by her bedside. As the old year was about passing away, we knelt beside her; clasping her thin hands, we sang together, "We'll fight the battle through." We sang the old words with her, and made more determined resolves for the coming year. She tried to join her feeble voice with ours, as she lay with closed eyes. Her life's battle was about ended, only the last dread enemy to meet; her pathway for the next twenty-four hours lay through the valley called dark. For her it was lighted by the Saviour's smile and presence; the song prayer was answered. She fought her last battle, conquered her last enemy, entered upon the unending, blissful years of eternity, truly for her the best she ever knew. It was answered for us, the year just closing had been our best.

**

We gave Lila an Army Funeral. Lila was

in our midst again in the service at the Home, but now in a snow-white coffin, the plate bearing the simple inscription:

LILA, Aged 22.
SAFE HOME.

As we gazed at the peaceful face, our hearts rose in gratitude to God, that it was so blessedly true that one of our dear girls was safely gathered. We believe that still form spoke to more than one heart. As the service went on, many wept. None of her kindred stood near either her death-bed or funeral bier; these privileges were left to strangers, yet tears flowed freely from those who had learned to love her for her soul's sake. We often think of her still, the gentle girl, so patient through her long sufferings, so resigned in her peaceful death.

Oh, strange and sad and fatal thing,
When in the rich man's gorgeous hall,
The huge fire on the hearth doth fling
A light on some great festival,

To see the drunkard smile in state,
In purple wrapped, with myrtle
crowned,
While Jesus lieth in the gate
With only rags to wrap Him round.

—VICTOR HUGO.





THE BABY WITNESS:
"No, Sir; My Mother Never Did It!"

(Supplement to the *Christmas War Cry*, 1899.)

A crowded court in Toronto. In the prisoners' dock stands a forlorn-looking woman—a creature to whom one blushes to give the name of woman. No small consternation is caused by a police official carrying over a chair to place on the steps where the witness stands. The tiny human clinging to the living fingers is a sight to behold that of a baby less only four months old, in the middle, from the little, from the little, on the chair. You would have thought the slight creature had been born in the eyes of the law, the skin of the law, the soul of the law, the very soul of the law, the features pinched with want, but correctly matched, and the eyes, two large windows for the soul to look through. Little Maggie was her name; she was the child of the woman in the prisoners' dock. She had been seen, round and round by the hair, in her mother's drunken rage, and was brought to shore as a proof of the story. "Did your mother do this?" she was asked. The big girl tried to answer in the affirmative, when the little form went to the police officer and said, "No, Sir; my mother never did it!" Seeing a big hand on the shoulder, she took up her mother's position, and lifting her large eyes to the judge, with a trembling quiver in the voice, and the small hands showing her neck, she said, "No, Sir; my mother never did it, my mother never did it!" What a reversion of God's lesson; peremptory! A four-year-old baby clutching and pleading for its mother!—Mrs. Bovier, in "Drink's World, Work and Woe."

When we went to press with the first page of this edition, we expected that the special article from this Consul's pen would reach us in time for insertion on this page, as announced on page 2. Unfortunately, Mrs. Smith-Tucker, who is an independent surface, has left us. Her article is still in manuscript. Our readers will regret this intelligence, but readily excuse the unavoidable. To atoms for the missing article, we introduce the one which was written by Mrs. General Army Mother, Mrs. General Booth, which article has, however, before appeared in the War Cry, and which admirably fits in with our excellent frontispiece of Mary and the Child Jesus.—Ed.]

The Blessed Virgin.

By MRS. GENERAL BOOTH.

"Blessed is she that believed: for there shall be a performance of those things which were told her from the Lord."—LUKE 1:45.



BOVE are words referring to the most wonderful event in human history, and unmistakably connect the accomplishment of that event with the faith of the agent used to bring it about.

Mary had been chosen of God from the millions of Israel's maidens, who had coveted the honor,

to be the Mother of the Messiah. The angel Gabriel had been sent to convey to her this intelligence; she had listened to his announcements with wondering awe, and unhesitatingly closed in with the Divine ordination, risking her all on the faithfulness and power of Israel's God.

Wonderful, indeed, was Mary's faith. Let us look at it, and try if we cannot, on the anniversary of the blessed event to which it refers, find encouragement, stimulus, and strength from her example.

Faith must ever be measured by the greatness of the demand made upon it. It requires a much greater stretch of faith to believe some things than others. If I were to ask you to believe that there would be a storm to-morrow, because it had been predicted by those who devote themselves to studying the laws which regulate the electric currents of the earth and sea, it would not be so difficult as for you to believe that at twelve o'clock to-morrow there was going to be an earthquake or that the end of the world would arrive. The one event would appear as quite possible, in the order of nature, whereas the other would seem entirely out of that order.

Now, perhaps, no greater demand on faith was ever made than in the case of Mary, with respect to the event to which these words refer, the purport of which was, that she, knowing herself to be a virgin, should, without the agency of man, bring forth a Son. That this result was to be brought about by the agency of the Holy Ghost in a way entirely beyond the ordinary operation of natural law. That this promised Son should become the King and Conqueror of the world, and the Sovereign of an everlasting Kingdom.

All this was made to hang on the naked promise of God. Surely, no greater stretch of faith could have been required from any creature, for Mary's notions respecting the coming of the Messiah had, it is evident, not embraced the idea of a supernatural birth, even supposing

that she could have imagined that she, a poor, humble virgin, might be chosen of God for the great honor bestowed upon her.

What was Mary's response? After one sufficient reminder as to the natural impossibility of such an event, to which the angel replied by referring her to the power of God, she said, "Behold the hand-maiden of the Lord!"

She did not turn away, saying, "It is impossible!" or "It is too good to be true!"

No! she simply received and believed the Divine testimony—took God at His word—and yielded immediate obedience to the Divine teaching;

"Behold the hand-maiden of the Lord!"

No doubt the devil interposed, for we could not imagine him indifferent to an event so stupendous in its consequences to his kingdom. Perhaps he suggested the possible consequences to her reputation if this unheard-of thing should happen to her. Or he might suggest the destruction of her happiness for the future in her relations with her espoused husband; or, what if this, after all, should prove to be only a vision or an illusion?—what a laughing-stock she would make of herself! But in whatever form the tempter approached this woman of faith she resisted him, and resolved to prove for herself that God was true. She believed and doubted not in her heart that He Who had promised could and would verify His word in her experience, consequently there was a performance of those things which were told her from the Lord.

No wonder that the Holy Spirit, through Elizabeth, pronounces Mary blessed in the exercise of such a faith; and that such blessed

results to herself, to the world, and to the Kingdom of Heaven, should spring out of it!

But I wish you to note especially three points in this declaration, for they as truly describe and explain every manifestation of Christ in His people as they did this, His manifestation in the flesh.

First.—There was the promise. God promised.

Second.—The act of faith. Mary believed.

Third.—The result. God performed.

Mark, in the first instance, there was only the naked promise, and that in the face of a positive natural impossibility. Mary had no precedent to which her mind could go back, no sign or evidence that the promise would be fulfilled; and yet here she was, face to face with the most sublime destiny that could be opened before a human being, and called to the carrying out of a plan on which hung the hopes of a world, all depending, so far as she was concerned, on her implicit trust in the Divine promise.

There is laid down in this declaration a general principle applicable to all people. God is no respecter of persons; this can be made your experience whosoever you are—woman, man or child, you can receive the Christ. It can be said, "Blessed is she that believeth" with respect to you. You can have like precious faith, and consequently a performance of the promises in your own experience.

Let us note two or three points in Mary's faith.

First, she received the Divine message; that is, she took it to herself without gainsaying or quibbling; she embraced it. This is God's method of bringing the soul into union with Himself. Naturally, men are without God; perhaps not without some intellectual apprehension of Him, but without any actual Divine realization of Him, without any spiritual union with Him, and as a result they are sinful, helpless, doomed, lost.

Adam's misery, sin and death, lay in the departure of God from him; he died indeed when he lost God.

God's plan for getting man back is by revealing Himself to him in the person of His Son; but man must receive the Son. John says that "Christ came to His own, and His own received Him not, but to as many as received Him, to them gave He power to become the sons of God." That is, there was a performance of the promise to come and dwell in them, and He became to them "Emmanuel."

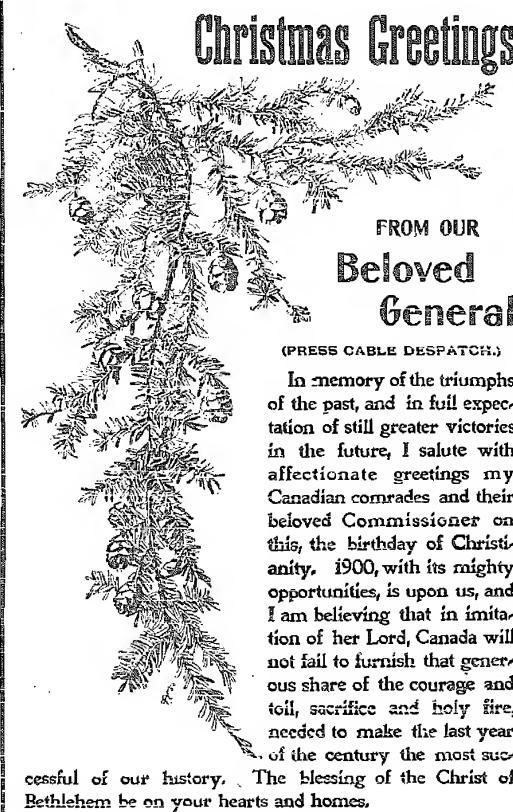
This is the only way to find God. You cannot find Him by searching. He can only be revealed to faith.

Mary believed, and probably that moment received. You believe, and the Holy Spirit will answer to your faith, and Christ will be formed in you, the hope, and joy, and glory of salvation. You shall then pass from death—He is life; from darkness—He is light; from bondage—He is liberty; from weakness—He is power.

Mary received a delivering Christ. His name was called Jesus, because He should save His people from their sins. He came to be a Deliverer from sin and death. He saved Mary after this fashion, and through her instrumentality, millions more.

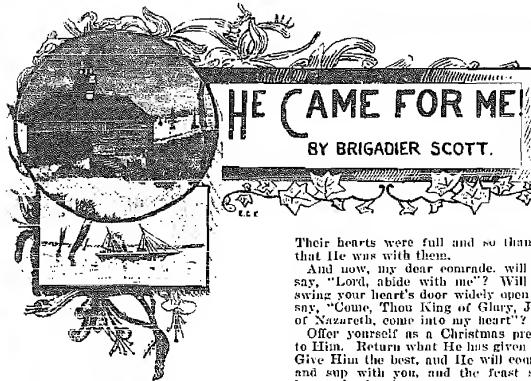
Have you, dear reader, received the Christ, and found Him to be a deliverer? Has He pardoned your sins, and given you power over your enemies? If not, believe, and there shall be a performance in your case of these wonderful works.

"If thou canst believe, all things are possible to him that believeth."



Regard me as your eternal comrade,

William Booth



"Out of love, from above,
To be slain, Jesus came."

IT was out of love that He came. Thousands will participate in commemorating His coming. Christmas time will remind us of His birth of His coming, to bring joy and peace on earth and "good will toward men."

"Is true 'He came to His own, and His own received Him not? Yea, 'He gave His life a ransom for many.' That means

He Came for Me.

While you, my comrades, peruse these lines, and will read up His birth, remembering the story of the shepherds, their joy and surprise, and meditate upon why He came, when He came, for you will not forget that above all things

He Came for You.

You are quite correct in singing His story to every son of Adam, and you are right in proclaiming liberty to every soul in bondage, pointing them to "the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world," and while you do this there is one individual that He came especially for—

And that One is You.

Now, stop and think for a moment. Hold yourself in check just for a little while. Sit down and read the story over again. Who was it that He came for? Was it for the Jews? Yes! For the Gentiles? Yes! But best of all, chiefest of all, sweetest of all,

He Came for You.

Officers, He came for you. Soldiers, He came for you. Sinners, He came for you.

*Heb. Christmas morn. When Christ was born.

Are you glad He came? Does your soul delight itself in Him? Do you remember what it cost Him to come? Do you ever think what it cost Him to stay? Does your soul ever meditate upon the farewell from Glory, the separation from His Father's home, to take upon Himself the form of a servant?

"For our sakes He became poor, that we, through His poverty, might become rich." All this undertaking by the Son of God to redeem the lost world to His Father, and all this undertaking

To Save Me! To Save You!

Do you love Him this Christmas morn? Do you feel humble before Him, and feel that all His sorrows, conflicts, temptations, hunger, weariness, pain, agony, and death was all for you?

While you commemorate His coming, do not, my dear brother and sister, lose sight of one fact that He came for you. Having trod the wine-press alone, battled with the enemy, and suffered, He is able to succor those who are tempted, and to make us more than conquerors through Him that loved us.

Say Hallelujah!

The two disciples that walked to Emmaus said, "Abide with us."

Oh, how their poor hearts longed for His company!

He was their consolation. He was their wisdom. He was their light. He was their joy, and well may they exult:

"Lord, abide with us!"

Can you not see that anxious look on their countenances, while Jesus invokes His Father's blessing on that meal?

HE CAME FOR ME!

BY BRIGADIER SCOTT.

Their hearts were full and so thankful that He was with them.

And now, my dear comrade, will you say, "Lord, abide with me?" Will you swing your heart's door widely open and say, "Come, Thou King of Glory, Jesus of Nazareth, come into my heart?"

Offer yourself to a Christmas present to Jesus. He will give you given to Him the best, and He will come in and sup with you, and the feast shall be everlasting love.

Sing this verse—

"We left the whole realm of nature mine,
That was so vast, so wide,
Love so amazing, so divine,
Shall have my soul my life, my all."

That's it, my all. Give Him the best present you can. This is your best.

Yours All! All! All!

And then, with arms of faith, accept Him as an abiding Guest, and constant Ruler and Governor of your life, so that He will not come in vain for you, but having won your heart and life, He will empower you to go, and tell others this Christmas time of His wonderful love and power to save.

In doing this you shall be blessed, and will not only tell the people of the Christ

of Bethlehem, but of a Christ in your heart and life, that He lives with you, abides with you, for in Him you live, and move, and have your being, and joyfully exult.

He Came for Me.

The Mission

OF AN

S. A. Music Book.

By ADIT BARR.

CADET X had spent some five months in the Training Home, when Christmastide became the talk of the house. Its near approach brought two things prominently before him; firstly, a date, December 25th; secondly, his pocket-book, which was getting unmercifully void of contents. The date forcibly reminded him of a dear sister of his, in whose soul he was much interested, and to whom he desired to send a small Christmas gift, which, with the blessing of God, he hoped might create in her heart desires for a Saviour's pardon. The question was, could the pocket-book stand the pressure? He had sorted his Cadet-days with a few dollars on hand, but sundry treats in which the other Cadets in the Garrison had shared, and the purchase of a number of necessary articles, had sadly deodorized his funds, and, therefore, even though the price of the contemplated gift was only

a small sum, it practically meant bankruptcy to Cadet X.

However, the present must be bought, despite the ruinous consequences, and it was with many fervent prayers that the volume of "Songs of Peace and War" was despatched to his thoughts. His sister being quite musical, and fairly proficient on the piano, he naturally thought that the music might appeal to her taste and induce her to sing some of its songs. Patiently he awaited the results. It was with eager hands and a palpitating heart he tore open the envelope on which was his sister's familiar handwriting, a few days later. A sinking sort of sensation stole over him as he perused the note. Whatever way you preferred to read it, it only meant one thing—defeat.

The kindness that prompted the gift was seemingly appreciated, but the gift itself—if it had escaped the consuming flames it would be well.

This painful result of his sacrifice and prudence had a very dismally effect on the Cadet at least on the Cadet's mind. Had he not felt especially led to send that volume? Had he not prayed earnestly and often about it, and sought through it to glorify God? And yet, the whole affair seemed only to have raised an additional barrier. Still, there was consolation in the fact that he had done his best, and the Lord had returned the money ten-fold. And then, who could tell but that on some future day the despised volume might yet speak for the Master he loved?

We must now pass over nearly two years from the time of our friend's departure. Two or three appointments in the Field, with their victories and defeats, joys and sorrows, had almost obliterated the memory of the Christmas gift; until the fact that he was aboard the "Fast Express" speedily along to visit his home for the first time since becoming an officer, revived it afresh, and gave his hopes a new lease of life. If the book could be found sister must be induced to sing some of the songs it contained, and God, by His Spirit, minister to the test.

It was a couple of days after his arrival that, having failed to locate the volume in question in any place where anyone might reasonably expect to find music, he fired the first shot into the enemy's camp.

"Sister, what has become of that book of music I sent you? Did you burn it?"

"No, I think it's stowed away somewhere. Do you want it?"

An answer in the affirmative, a little mild persuasion, and then arm in arm the pair set off to underneath the prize. To a dark closet sister led the way, and with the information that "if it isn't here I don't know where it is," the search began. The pile on which they started seemed bottomless. Dance music, church music, tutors, exercises, novels, drawing-books, etc., etc., was there ever to be an end to it? At last, crumpled up in a corner, at the bottom of the pile, was the Cadet's much-prayed-over Christmas gift.

It did not take long to get interest aroused in the soul-stirring contents of the book, and the evenings were spent singing again and again some of the favorites.

The furlough was fast drawing to a close, and still the much-prayed-for event had not yet transpired; nevertheless, an impression had been made.

Just at twilight, on evening of two before good-bye must be said, the Lieutenant was enjoying solid comfort in a large easy chair. Behind him at the piano sat the sister, singing, "The Lord, our Pilot." The two were alone in the room, and yet not alone, God was there. "O Lord, save her to-night," was the silent prayer that rose from the occupant of the easy chair to the great heart of God.

"Saviour, to Thy cross I press my way, And a broken heart before Thee lay."

rose from the singer's lips; then there was a discordant sound as her head fell forward on the keyboard, mingled with the bitter sobbing of a pierced soul. Another instant and her brother was by her side. His heart was so full of gratitude to God for this hour that it was with difficulty he asked the cause of her sorrow.

"I cannot tell—I feel so wretched—I feel as if my heart would break."

But One was there to hear the broken heart, another name was written in the Lamb's Book of Life, and another prayer was answered that night.



AS THE YEARS ROLL BY

BY JESSE PAGE.

CHRISTMAS again! On waving wings the years fly fast and faster, and we stand to-day watching with eyes half-fused with smiles and tears, The happy circle, and the bairns at play.

We thank our God that He is still so nigh,

And praise His mercy as the years roll by.

The little children on life's primrose path, Unstarched as yet by what we elders feel, Their joyous laughter such sweet music hath To charm the shadows, and our cares to steal, For Christ a child did in a manger lie, And still loves children as the years roll by.

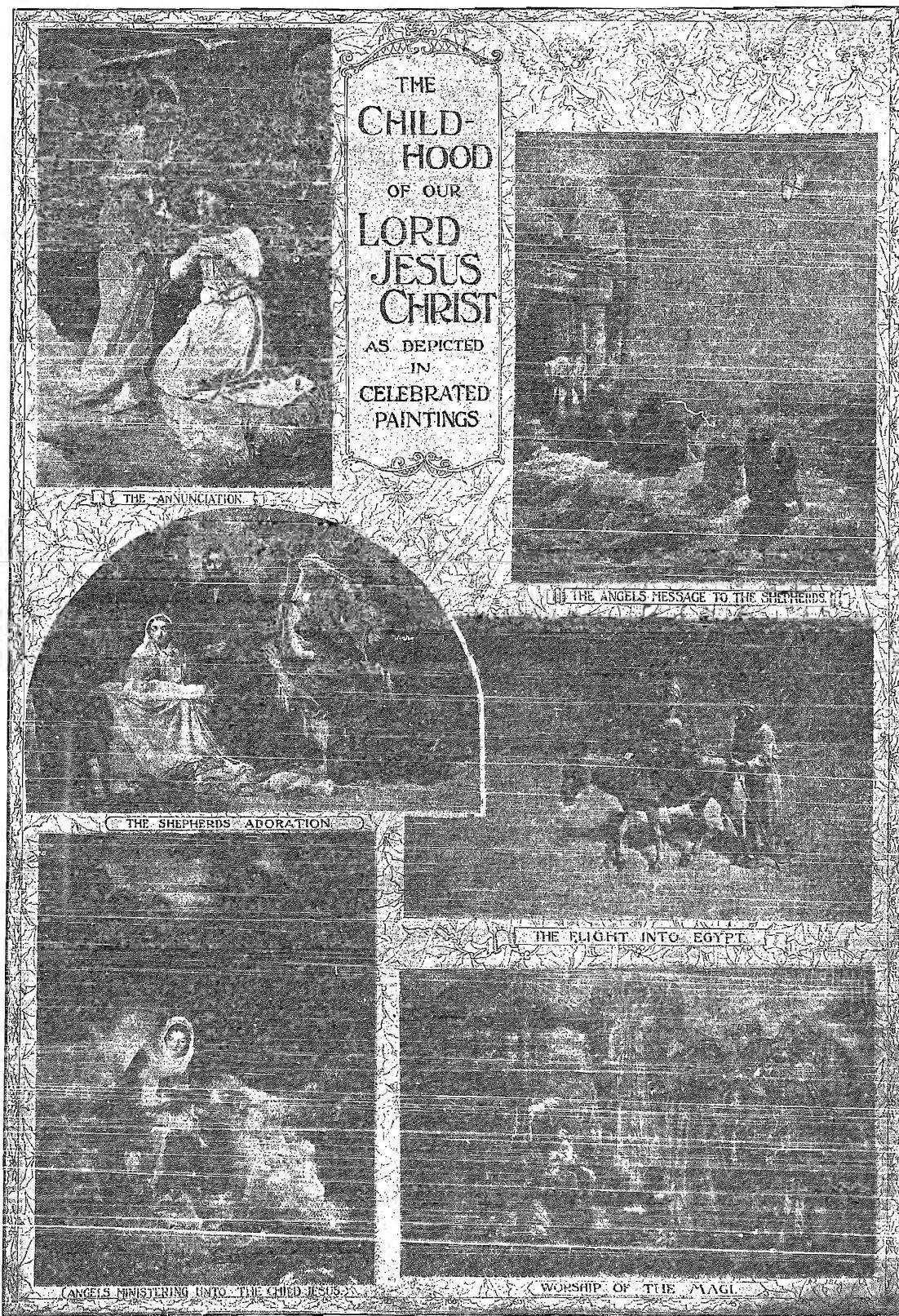
We, in the thick of all life's active toil, Christ's soldiers, in a world He came to save, Seeking His footprints in grey duty's soil, Our meat and drink to faithful he, and brave; To fight and conquer, as the flag flies high, And crown Him daily, as the years roll by.

With some the smoke of battle lies behind; The fight is fought, with siv'ring touch the years Have left white blossoms on the brow, the mind And heart with the taint to impress heart; The Golden Gates by faith can decry, Nesting their heralds, as the years roll by.

The corridors of memory we pace, And wake the echoes of our bygone time, Hear voices that are still, and soft a face Beloved, remembered, from the land sublime; God keeps our treasures until hue and bue; We, too, are gathered, as the years roll by.

Christmas again! My thankful song I bring, Oh, Saviour, Christ, to Thee, my Lord of all! May sinners saved this day Thy glory sing, And souls be freed from sin and Satan's snare, Lord, keep us pure and true, and we will try To serve Thee better as the years roll by.





"JIM, YOU'LL COME WID ME."



By MISS BOOTH,
Field Commissioner.

No small service was rendered by the street lamp in lighting up the faces of the little crowd which encircled it. Whether it was that its efforts were more strenuous to perform its full duty, or whether the exceptional darkness cast by the depressing fog made its rays by contrast the brighter, I am not prepared to say, but it seemed as though both the street lamp and each one of the street lamp's company had undertaken the business of lighting up the whole world that particular night.

All day a heavy fog had wrapped its pall around the city, its density only now and again relieved by a downfall of drizzling rain; hence slush and mud made it as miserable for the feet as the murky atmosphere made it for the head. The downcast expression of the little newsboys and flower-girls presented a melancholy record of the failure which resulted from the day's efforts. In vain had the latter dodged the traffic and screamed their specials in shrillest tones; in vain had the best bunches of the former's baskets, themselves wilted from the effects of the atmosphere, been arranged in tempting display. Nothing looked pretty in the gloom; nothing sounded interesting in that depression; no one wanted to stop, even to buy a paper, hence the few that lingered around the respective lamp above-mentioned were the object of much comment and wonderment by the hurrying passers-by.

"We're travelling home to Heaven above, Will you go?"

rang out on the chill night air. Two tall figures swinging out of a saloon near by crossed the road and fell in with the few listeners on the outskirts of the ring.

The rays of the lamp seemed strangely concentrated upon the two strong faces of the men. No one was surprised when they joined the onlookers—not even on a night like this, for they constantly attended the outdoor meetings, and always stood side by side. Well, although not of the same family, life had so arranged things as to throw these two together from tiny boys. They lived together on the same street; they learned together in the same school; they played together in the same game; in later years they worked together in the same sweltering factory; they sat together in the same cheap theatre; they had their glass together in the same saloon. If there was a row, then they stood together in the row; if there were hard times, then by the one sharing with the other they made their fates equal. They were young and strong and gay, and upon this night—which proved the night of their history—they were together near the open-air ring.

The Captain conducting the meeting, not

at all discouraged by the wretchedness of the weather, or the smallness of the crowd, impressed upon those present the importance of getting their sins forgiven. He manifested as much earnestness, pathos, and intensity as though his audience had been a vast concourse of five thousand. There is no doubt he realized that upon the most trivial opportunity and disadvantageous circumstance may hang destinies of eternal light or everlasting darkness. His invitation was a short but touching one. He asked that anyone who wanted to give their heart to God and live to be a blessing to others in this poor needy world would come and kneel down by the one chair placed under the rays of the yellow lamp, and 'neath



"JIM, YOU'LL COME WID ME!"

the light of Calvary's Cross get their feet upon the pathway that leads to the skies.

Desperate earnestness has always been the most convincing messenger of truth, and in the case of the two companions had awakened such deep conviction that its traces marked every feature of the two strong countenances. For some minutes they stood like stalwart statues in the gloom, then the one with a quick turn addressed the other, and said in decisive tones: "Jim, I'm going to start for Heaven to-night! What this yer fellow has said is alright, Jim. It's all true. That there bit he put in about the man who lives in the dark will die in the dark is all square, sound reason, Jim, and I know my life's been all wrong and wretched, and I'd like to get it forgivin'. I've a feeling in my heart, Jim, that I ought to start to-night, right away now, for Heaven. I want to get my feet onto that uproad; Jim, you'll come wid me?"

"You're not a-going to make a fool on yer-

son, Jack?" replied his mate, drawing the pipe from his mouth.

"No; I'm going to make a wise man on me, and yer must come wid me."

With a look that to the keen observer told the severity of the struggle within, and how earnestly Jim was weighing up the question, he turned and said:

"No, Jack, I can't."

Jack caught the broad, firm hand of his companion in both his own, and with a depth of entreaty which stirred his whole manhood, pleaded:

"Jim, you must come wid me. After a lifetime together are we to part here at this road? No, Jim, I can't leave you. You must come into it wid me. Let's travel it together. Come on, Jim. Come wid me."

But Jim said no.

Just at that moment the officer started up the verse:

"Oh! could I hear you sister say,
Let me go!
I'll start this moment, clear the way,
Let me go.
My old companion fare ye well,
I will not go with you to hell;
I mean with Jesus Christ to dwell,
Let me go."

At this point Jack shook hands with Jim, and with the first strength of a heaven-born purpose wrenched asunder the cords which had hitherto bound the two hearts together in the unity of an extraordinary companionship.

A minute later Jim looked upon the bowed head, clasped hands, and falling tears of his companion at the foot of the street lamp, and turned away with his mind afire with one thought, which only the end of the story can tell us.

* * * * *

Jack became and remained a true Salvationist, hence I need not say that his career was both happy and profitable, as the careers of all such are.

Jim went on in the old path; he did well in his work and held a good situation, which prosperity the devil used to make him forget the surging billows of condemnation with which he struggled, and which were ever and anon declaring the ill-starred choice he had made.

Later, he fell in love with a young girl. She was refined, fair, pretty, and much above his social standing. He loved her passionately, and was determined to strain every nerve to reach

a position in life which would be fitting to her gentle up-bringing. Every time he met her, every time he looked upon her, every time he read in her eyes the strength of the affection she gave him, proved heated breaths upon his burning intentions to make all sacrifice in the interests of her happiness.

They were married, notwithstanding the withholden consent of her parents, and though this was the cause for great regret on the part of both, apparently all went well and happily for many months. But in reality Jim was going down all the time. In his truest heart he felt this too, for he never could get away from the fact that he had chosen the downward track. Therefore how could his travel be any other than a downward journey?

He got in with bad companions, and took to drinking. You tell me a young man drinks and I know all the rest—I know the whole story. If he becomes a captive of the wine-cup he will become a captive of all other sins.

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the keen observer told
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gaining up the question,

cad, firm hand of his
own, and with a depth
of his whole manhood,

me. After a life-
part here at this road?
You must come
we it together. Come

the officer started up

*Did I hear some sister say,
Let me go!
This moment, clear the way,
Let me go;
companions fare so well,
we go with you to hell;
with Jesus Christ to dwell,
let me go.*

this point Jack shook
with Jim, and with
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of all other sins.

It is only a question of time—it is impossible to run drunkenness alone—that is a carrion crow which goes in a flock, and when you see that beak ahead you may know that all the other black birds are coming. It was soon suggested to Jim that gambling was an excellent replenisher of funds wasted in drink, and his remarkable skill at running this monster of ruin nursed the fascination, and whole nights were spent in the revelry.

At first much scheming and planning hid his dissipation from the knowledge of his tender young wife, but Jim's deceptions were not always successful, and one by one consciousness of his evil doings broke over the gentle spirit. Too, one by one the pieces of furniture went, and then the little home itself, and then in one room began a mother's struggle for bread for the sake of the life of the little one whose first cradle of comfort was now exchanged for a cradle of rags. Her heart is wearied with disappointment; her fingers are wearied with the stitching and needle-pricking; her head is wearied with the going over and over the great and sudden change! How different it all has been to what he promised; how he seems to have lost his love for her—the great love he used to have—how truly her mother's fears have come to pass—how often she used to say, "Good as were his intentions, and noble traits as undoubtedly his character possessed, he was not a Christian, and resolutions and intentions, and even promises, are all poor and breakable things when not based upon the conquering grace of God. The subtle tides of evil proves too strong for the best of them." What would her poor, dear mother say if she could see her now, if she went back to her; but no, she could never leave him. He was just his old self the other night when he was sober; he said he was going to sign the pledge and would soon have her out of that wretched place—oh! he was just as lovely and kind as when he first won her young heart, but he always was when he was sober, and so fond of the children—it is only the drink, the wretched drink. What is it she is saying as she sways the baby to and fro upon her bony breast?

*"Bach, I cannot bear to see thee.
Stretch thy tiny hands in vain!
Dear, I have no bread to give thee,
Nothing, child, to ease thy pain;*

*When God sent thee first to bless me,
Proud and thankful, too, was I!
Now, my darling, I, thy mother,
Almost long to see thee die.
Hush, my darling, I am weary;
God is good, but life is dreary."*

* * * * *

"You'll have trouble there before long; best separate them before there's more."

The saloon-keeper looked in the direction towards which his informant pointed. Two men with flushed faces and excited looks were shouting rage at each other across a card table, whose drained glasses and disordered cards told of a heated game. Nervous of their impeded gestures, the saloon-keeper advanced: "Gentlemen," he said, "would it not be well to postpone this discussion till to-morrow?"

The men took no notice. They were past reasoning with. The saloon-keeper tried different tactics:

"Come, be off," he said; "it's closing time, and you've stayed too long already."

But a shower of curses from the lips of the two men in their threats one to the other, was the only response; the hand of the stronger, Jim, clutched the throat of the other, and a dangerous scuffle seemed imminent. The alarmed saloon-keeper and bartender rushed between the infuriated men, and while the former threw out the weaker, the latter took off Jim's attention by giving him another glass over the bar. But whiskey is no antidote for drunken fever, and as Jim clapped the glass, emptied even of its dregs, down upon the bar, with eyes that flashed fire, and declared revenge, swore: "I'll kill him if I get the chance."

* * * * *

She could not sleep that night, but the baby did, and left her free for the consistent watch which alternated between the window and door until the clock, with something of pathetic tones, told four in the morning. "Where can Jim be all this night?" she said, "I thought he was going to sign the pledge to-day." With a sigh wrung from a smarting spirit and hopeless heart she flung her weary form down upon the shabby couch, and was blessed with that best balm by which Heaven can soothe earth's sharpest wounds—sleep!

A hell on earth is the home of a woman with a drunken husband—a sepulchre at midnight is a palace compared to it. It is not so

much that the blow comes down on the head, but down upon the heart.

The rattle of the door-latch, a sharp knock, and the hurried entrance of a neighbor with the loud-voiced exclamation: "Have you heard the news?" roused the pale sleeper on the couch and brought her trembling to her feet with the breathless question,

"What news?"

"Why, your husband, Jim, arrested for murder! Killed Edwa—"

The name of the victim was lost in the heart-piercing shriek from the poor little figure which fell as though shot, with a thud, to the floor. The bearer of the news was thoughtless, but not heartless, and a good many hot tears she brushed away with the corner of her torn apron as she bent over the unconscious form muttering:

"Poor little crittur—I told her too sudden, Rascal as he is, she doted on him! She never would hear nowt agin him; spouse she's one of those cases folks call true love, but myself never had no faith in these fine ladies taking up with such low folk. Nothing good ever comes on it. Look at the poor thin white face! Good sykes! look at the little bony hands—wif her poor mother was here to kiss 'em."

All these remarks were made while old Mother Jovis smoothed back the fair hair and bathed the marble temples with cold water.

* * * * *

An express flying over the rail track carried in the corner of one of its cars a man with a countenance declaring absolute absorption in some one burning subject. It was Jack.

As the heart will add to present anguish by running back to the joys of the past, so Jim's heart would dwell on things that used to be, and he had asked that Jack should be brought.

The latter arrived at the court. He had a good dark-blue cloth coat on, with epaulettes, carrying two stars on each, denoting staff rank in the Salvation Army, and bespeaking the honor of the position which he held. He could only find standing room in the crowded chamber, but his presence was noticed and caused quite a little sensation as a police official led him to the front.

It was a dimly-lighted, large hall, one moment full of murmuring and harsh sounds,

(Continued on page 22.)



"TELL HIM, KITTY. IT WASN'T HIS FATHER DID IT—IT WAS . . . DRINK!"

PURIFIED BY FIRE

By STAFF-CAPT. COWAN.

GOOD-BYE, darling, be sure and write when you get to Canada. I shall long to hear how my little girl gets along," exclaimed a tall, stately English gentleman, as he stood upon the deck of a large ocean steamer, just before she sailed, and bade good-bye to a rosy-cheeked little maiden of nine summers.

"Yes, father dear, I promise," she exclaimed, and the gentleman stepped off to the crowded tugboat that stood alongside to hear them back to shore. Then the great ship started, and the fluttering white handkerchief that was held in Lucy's little hand could soon no longer be seen, while the huge vessel seemed but a speck upon the horizon.



"Bade good-bye to a rosy-cheeked little maiden."

"I hope I have done the best thing, that child. I am sure, I know that sister Ellen will look after her well. Still, I feel uneasy about her, but perhaps it is quite unnecessary for me to do so," and he hurried homeward with firm, rapid steps.

On board ship the gong sounded for supper, and with a gurgling mist in the dark eyes Lucy left her cabin, and slipping her hand into that of her amanuensis made their way to the long table. The lump in her throat, however, almost prevented her from eating anything.

Lucy was an orphan child, and had been adopted when but very small. Her childhood had been a very happy one, for her adopted father had loved her with a true and tender affection; but his wife, being of a jealous disposition, had envied the kindness bestowed upon the young orphan, thus when her sister desired to take Lucy with her, permission was readily given.

"Oh, father, father," soothed the little girl, "why did you send me away? I have no one to love the but you! I wish my own dear mother had not died and left me. I want her so to-night. I am so

lonely," and the flushed, tear-stained face quivered with its childish anguish, as she tossed from side to side in the berth. It was long ere the tired eyes could find rest in slumber. The grief and excitement, and the thump, thump of the machinery as the vessel ploughed through the waves, produced a strange effect upon the child in her loneliness. It was a deep, loving nature, and she could no more be happy without love, than a flower with bloom without sunshine. Perhaps across the treacherous ocean her angel, with a ministering spirit, sped to meet her by-and-bye a sense of rest stole over her, the sooth ceased and she fell into a deep slumber, from which she was not awakened until the sun dawned bright upon the horizon.

Arrived in Canada, a situation was secured for her here. She did her best to please her mistress, and the child's life was far from being an unhappy one.

Six years rolled by, and letters from home became less frequent. Her aunt had returned, and she was left alone in a strange country. At times she was very lonely. She had matured into a bright young woman; life seemed to beckon her on with rosy visions, and when at last she became acquainted with a young companion, and their friendship ripened into love, her cup of happiness seemed filled to the brim. But after he had betrayed the trust reposed in him and flung back her love into her face, he left her to get through her sorrow as best she could.

With a brave heart she struggled through Burying her disappointed hopes in her bosom, she once more faced the world. Alas! if she had only turned to God, the Fountain of Divine love, instead of seeking the broken sister of man, she might have told the rest of our story, but need not have to be told. But it takes us so long to learn the lessons He wants to teach when we will not hearken to His counsel.

After a time she became engaged to be married to a promising young man. He was good and kind, but his one besetment was the curse of drink.

"I can help him to overcome that," said Lucy to herself. "I am sure he will stay at night to please me, if I marry him." She tried every way in her power to persuade and advise him, but sure of his prize, he drifted on and lower. Her loving heart still clung to him through it all, until at last she found herself drifting so fast down the tide of sin that it was difficult to bathe. Surely, again, the mother-spirit brooded over her wandering child.

Lucy felt heart-sick and helpless the day the resolve was made to tear herself from her environments, and start to lead a better life. Her money was gone, health gone, virtue gone; all sacrificed on the altar of unwholly affection. A shiver went through the slight form as she stood at the door of the Rescue Home seeking admission. Her poor dry and parched with fever, while a hacking cough seemed to tear her to pieces.

Lucy was taken in, and all that loving care could do for her was done. Sometimes at night as the Home officer would steal into her room and give her something to soothe the cruel cough and ease the short, gasping breath, Lucy's eyes would look the thanks she could scarcely speak.

December snow lay in great drifts on the frozen ground, and the ice-laden wind carried the stinging particles against cheek and lip of pedestrians who were obliged to be out, when poor Lucy was taken to the hospital, where so many sick and suffering ones lay upon beds of pain. In the delirium of fever she went down to the gates of death.

"I thought I was in hell," she told us afterwards, "but I have no sins as I had never seen them before."

In the first gleam of consciousness she became aware of the nurse's kind face bending over her pillow, smoothing back the hair from her brow; a soft footstep sounded by the bedside, and the Captain stopped down and kissed her tenderly. Then a tremendous prayer ascended to heaven on Lucy's behalf, and God answered and Lucy's life was saved: the fever died away and pale and white as a lily, she slowly came back to life.

When she returned to the Home again, there was a gleam of terror and anguish in her dark eyes, which told of a soul awakened to its need and sin. On that same day others crowded around her sisterly form; the weary eyes rested in rest upon the Crucified One, the burden was transferred to Him, and a glad heart she could sing His praises. With Pilgrim, the language of her heart was, "He has given me rest by His sorrow, and life by His death."

Several years have rolled away since then, and in her quiet little home Lilla sits sewing. The storms of the past have left but little trace upon the quiet home; the face, sweet and gentle,



"She stood at the door of the Rescue Home seeking admission."

chastened and stamped with His peace. She is waiting the step of her loved husband upon the threshold, for God has given her all the true love her lonely heart had craved during the long, lonely years that had passed. A "son" in her own way she had found but disappointed, but in seeking the Kingdom of God and His righteousness, all other things have been added unto her.

Bethlehem's Star.

By BRIGADIER PUGMIRE.

BETHLEHEM of Judæa, the birthplace of Jesus, was but a small town, about six miles south of Jerusalem. The name denotes "house of bread," it

being given to it on account of its great fertility. Judæa at that time was a Province of the Roman Empire, having been taken about sixty-three years before Christ, by Pompey and put under tribute. Herod the Great, as he was sometimes called, received his appointment from the Romans, and had reigned about 34 years when the Saviour was born. Though he was king yet he was subject to the directions of the Roman Emperor. Herod had distinguished himself in wars with Antigonus and others, and defended his country; he also had repaired the temple. He was an enemy to the truth, for he sought the life of the infant Jesus to destroy it, and slew all the children in Bethlehem and environs, from two years old and under.

At this time Augustus was Emperor of Rome. The world was at peace, one language being general throughout the world, viz., the Greek, and God, in His eternal wisdom, saw that this was a good time to introduce the Gospel and spread it throughout the earth.

Matthew tells us the same wise men from the East to Jerusalem, saying, "Where is He that is born King of the East?" For we have seen His star in the East, and are come to worship Him." These wise men dwelt chiefly in Persia and Arabia, and were philosophers, priests, or astronomers.

Now, I would like to remark about the star which heralded the birth of our Lord, that,

1. It was a Star of Hope!

Among the ancients the appearance of a star or comet was regarded as an omen of some remarkable event, and they considered this a sign that the long-expected Prince of God was born, and with

hope welling up in their souls, they followed the star. The Jews had also been looking for the appearing of their Messiah. Who, they hoped, would deliver them from Roman bondage.

Reader, have you seen "His star"? It speaks of deliverance from sin and its bondage. Follow it in hope until you have the blessed realization that you have found the Child-King.

2. It was a Guiding Star!

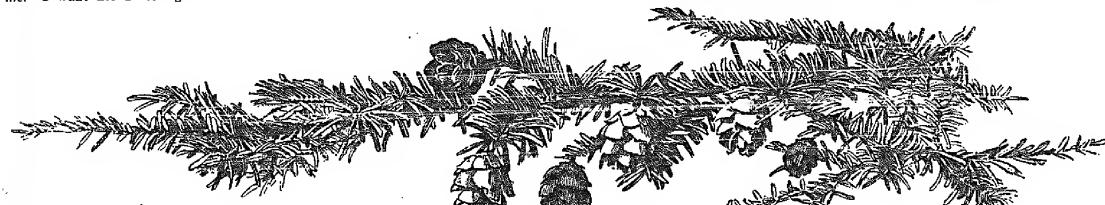
It went before them, and they felt assured they were under some heavenly guidance. They watched it and followed it, until by-and-bye it stood right over the place where the young Child had been born. This shows that God will guide those who are anxious to find the Saviour. Those who seek Him with all their hearts always find Him, and some star will guide one feet in the way of life. Matthew's star, however, which shines brightly in the dark night of sin, the still small voice of Jesus is saying, "This is the way, walk ye in it"; or this is the revelation by the Holy Spirit.

3. It was a Star of Peace!

The angels' song was, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace good will toward men." It was for this purpose that He left the bosom of His Father, forsaking the companionship of angels, stooped to earth, was born in the stable at Bethlehem, drank the bitter cup and dropped blood-drops in Gethsemane's Garden, allowed the traitor Judas to betray Him with a kiss, staggered with the cross of wood up Calvary's hill, and spilt His blood on Golgotha's heights—it was to bring peace on earth. Why the first time He saw the disciples He said unto them, "Peace be unto you."

Reader, the same Christ, at this Christmas, whispers "Peace." See, His divine silence as brightly as ever, although 1900 years have rolled away since it was first seen. Obey the Heavenly Vision, and His peace shall be yours.

"Peace, peace, sweet peace,
Wonderful gift from above!
Oh, wonderful, wonderful peace!
Sweet peace, the gift of God's love."





THREE TURNS IN JACK'S LANE

BY MRS. STAFF-CAPT. PHILLIPS.

Degradation!

WAS during Christmas week, some years ago. Some kindly-disposed ladies were visiting the poorer streets of a certain city, and entering a house that looked even more desolate than the others, they found six small children—the youngest four days old—with their mother, huddled together trying to keep alive, that was all they could hope to do. No fire in the stove; no wood in the cellar; no bread in the cupboard—the usual story: "Father around the corner, drinking rum."

"He always is," said the wife, "unless he's in jail." What could the visitors do? Certainly they could and did relieve the immediate wants of the drunkard's family, but the drunkard himself—the cause of it all—seemed quite beyond their reach. Consequently the same cold; the same hunger; the same heart-break; the same utter helplessness would surround them again in a short time.

First Turn:—Emancipation.

Just six months later, on a beautiful June morning, the citizens of that city were startled by the booming of that most faithful open-air soldier—the drum. It was the Army's opening Sunday. The open-air finished, the four Officers marched to the barracks, followed by a number of men of all sorts—from the respectable sinner, to the poor fellows who had been drunk the previous night, and had slept wherever they could, looking therefore rather tough. Among the latter was the father of the family mentioned above. Warmly welcomed, and an interest taken in him such as had not been for years, Jack, (for that was his name) felt his better nature rising, and determined to "stand by these 'ere chaps," as he himself put it. A few days later found Jack at the cross, weeping over his sins—a sorry picture in his rags and wretchedness, but God met with him there, and he rose clothed and in his right mind; prepared not only to stand by his officers, but by his Lord, and the principles of righteousness, as taught and lived by his new friends. The news spread quickly, and of course everyone expressed an opinion as to his motive, how long it would last, etc., while Jack fought the battle with his fired blood, and over-wrought nerves—and conquered.

A short time after, he received from the hands of the General, the Corps flag, with a commission to carry it into the darkest and most sinful corners of the city.

One of his testimonies may be of interest, given in his own way:

"Friends, before I got this 'ere salvation, or change of heart—wot ever you likes to call it, I knows what it's done for me—when I'd git 'ome, after day's 'ard work drinkin', the little 'uns would scamper under the bed, and the cat would jump out the back door quicker 'n lightnin'. If there was tea I'd kick the table over, if there was none, I'd kick my wife. What with the drink, the devil, and my own conscience, I was worse than a brute. Don't tell me there's no hell, I had its fires in my own heart for years, but" with the tears streaming, "God has forgiven me. I knows it," and smiling again, "the little 'uns say now when they see me coming, 'Here's daddy! Is the kettle boilin'?' They knows I'm a tea-totaler."

Before long, Jack's fidelity was put to the test. Persecution commenced, and as standard-bearer, he came in for his full share. Summoned for obstruction, he electrified the Court by rising and saying, "Gentlemen, I've been in jail for the devil, many times, as you well know; and now if you say so, I'll go for Jesus' sake. But if you send me to prison, you will be hindering me when I want to pay my debts, and provide for my family." The Court slipped out of its uncomfortable position, for the time being, by adjourning the case for a week, hoping, I suppose, that Jack would change his mind. The same night however, found him at his post, though he knew what it would mean. And when a fiery young soldier remarked to him, "I suppose you could do a sentence on your head," our comrade answered, "My boy, I've been there before, and found it all I could manage on my feet." Still he didn't waver, and the next week received his sentence with the others.

From this time his business, neglected in his drinking days, commenced to improve. A horse, etc., were added to his possessions. He became a respected citizen, and then—

Second Turn:—Retrogression!

Oh! listen, reader. How the angels must have wept! How the very heavens must have looked down in horror! Jack became swallowed up in money-getting. And in order to accomplish this quicker, an unsaved man was received as partner. This, as everybody said it would, proved his ruin. He lost interest, and often when he should have been at his post, he was busy driving a hard bargain for the sake of a few dollars.

Then one day, when he had been saved for over five years, the news was whispered that he had got wrong—Did we plead with him? Yes, almost night and day. Did we try to show him his folly? Did we advise him to get rid of his worldly partner? Did we attempt to lead him back to God? Oh! yes, yes, yes. With aching hearts we did all this. "I'm all right," he would say, and in the rattle of the coins in his pocket we could almost hear the laughter of the pit.

In a very little while he went down. His money took to itself wings, and again he was left without friends. Again he was wretched and forsaken; again his conscience stung, and his hand trembled; his eyes were blood-shot; his wife was heart-broken, and his children hungry, because—oh, hear it! he had forsaken his God. Soon he was on a sick-bed, and the doctor said he must die!

Third Turn:—Restoration!

Now he realized what he had done! All was dark! No hope for the future! In his extremity he called for his old comrades—those who had prayed him into the light in the first place; had rejoiced in his victories, and later had wept as they saw him fall. They came, pleaded, prayed, and believed for him, and wonderful love of God! before the end, he got back the pardon he had so lightly thrown away.

But oh! what a pity he allowed the devil of avarice to come into his life, blight his prospects, ruin his family, and all but damn his soul.

Comrade! Reader! Is there no lesson here for you and I? Can we not, who profess to have treasure in heaven, be content, without being over anxious for to-morrow, but rather spend our time in rescuing souls for whom Jesus died?

WIDOW WRIGHT'S CHRISTMAS RETROSPECT.

By ADJUTANT ATTWELL.

YES, Major, I'm a widow, and for nearly twenty years I've had my weight of worry, and I've shed my share of tears, Yet I thank the Lord He's helped me through; I feel I can't complain.

He knoweth best, tho' many a time I've longed for Ted again.

For Ted was just as Godly as a mortal man could be. Leastways that's how I found him, and if one should know it's me: They brought him home one Christmas Eve, he died before the morn— I nearly lost my reason, and I wished I'd never been born.

But oh, my memory takes me back, and ones again I see The doctor and the minister, the little children there. I told the Lord that if Ted died I hoped He'd take me too. And Ted rebuked me when he said, "What would the children do?"

The funeral was over and at night I knelt in prayer, With a breaking heart and lonely, with a burden of despair, I could find no words to utter, till my heart fresh courage took, When I saw my little orphans, and remembered my rebuke.

It seemed to me I best could prove the love I had for Ted. By showing to the boys the kind of life their father led; So by the help of God, and in the way I thought was best, I've done my very utmost, and I've left to Him the rest.

Jack cost me many a worry, he seemed so wild, you know; And many a time my faith was faint, and oft my heart was low,

But God did not forget me, for in answer to my prayer, He sent the Army to our town, and Jack was always there.

My youngest boy was first to seek, with breaking heart the Lord, Oh he died for very joy, when Jack and Ted brought word. At first his brothers mocked him much, and tried to make him mad, But Ernest had a solid hold, and made his mother glad.

For many months we both held on, for they were on our heart, And many nights we watched in vain for Jack and Ted to start. And many were the officers whose faith was on them bent, But stubborn spirits would not yield, nor would the pair relent.

God's ways are not the same as ours; should not His servant know? To work His loving purposes there came a dear old bird, For in the twinkling of an eye, when full of promise fair, My darling Ernest went to heaven and joined his father there.

The loss was very hard to bear, my spirit crushed and worn, Was desolate and doubting, my comfort from the world gone. But God restored the sinking soul, and made me glad once more. When Jack and Ted were gathered in, and joined our little Corp's.

I've not much longer here to live, and who is there to tell? If I shall see another Christmas Eve alive and well? But Major, I've no cause to mourn, I've done the thing I said. And trained my boys to serve the Lord, as did my sainted Ted.





FRITZ'S LETTER.

BY STAFF-CAPTAIN PHILLIPS.



FEW can measure our work by what we see. The far-reaching effects of the labor of our devoted warriors will never be realized until we see it in the light of the Great Beyond.

An incident came under my personal observation some time ago, and I pass it on for the encouragement of those "who sow beside all waters."

Some years ago, in one of our far western ports, a barquentine had just cast anchor and paid off her crew. Many of them had come ashore, and among the number was the subject of this narrative (Fritz, we will call him), to repeat the usual procedure—a big carousal, or a "bust," as they call it, winding up without a cent.

The particular night of which I write was unusually dark and stormy. The rain streamed down relentlessly, and few people ventured out to the Army meeting. Just a sprinkling of soldiers, and a small—very small—crowd greeted the two Army lasses, but the captain did his work as faithfully as if the hall had been crowded.

Fritz had wandered aimlessly into the street from the saloon where he had left his hard-earned money. Everything seemed to conspire to make him feel that he was alone in the world, when suddenly he heard the singing of the Army as he passed their hall. He entered, partly out of curiosity and partly for shelter, for it seemed to him that night to afford the only gleam of hope and cheer around. He listened and drank in that meeting. A hidden chord was struck! Silently, but surely, the Spirit did its work. He struggled against his convictions, and finally left the hall before the meeting closed. The officers went home, apparently without any results. As they left the hall the elements, which, if anything, had grown worse, seemed to mock the futile efforts of that night.

Let us follow Fritz. He hurried from the meeting. The captain had drawn the bow at a venture, but the Lord had directed the arrow. Fritz felt as he had never felt before. A strange sense of guilt and sin took hold of him. Pray! He couldn't pray. He had faced death in blinding storms and howling hurricanes, and never thought of praying, but here, alone on the street of a strange city, he longed for some hand to guide his storm-tossed soul.

Wandering up a side street, oblivious to all around, Fritz dropped on his knees. A solitary lamp looked down upon the scene, and amid the streaming rain and above the blast, there went up from his heart the cry: "Lord, remember me!" Matchless grace! The deed was done. Sins of years were blotted out, and there broke in upon his soul the overwhelming sense of God's forgiving love. Truly, not recorded on earth, but noted in the register of the skies.



Fritz had wandered aimlessly into the street from the saloon where he had left his hard-earned money.

ful soldier—became a bright cadet, and finally developed into a full-fledged officer.

So much for the outcome of a meeting which appeared on its face to be a dead failure! There is an object lesson in it for us all. It assures us once more that faithfulness to God cannot go unrewarded, and that God in His name is never a failure.

Let us remember that among the flotsam and jetsam of humanity that cross our path through life there are some of earth's bright spirits, who have been marred and cast through sin, but who can be restored, in happiness and heaven by the transforming power of divine grace.

Let 1900 be spent with a more determined spirit than ever "to be faithful in a few things," etc. And then in the great gathering of all the ship's company, we shall see that not a few of those who shall gather to have escaped, "some on boards, and some on broken pieces of the ship," but all by grace of Him Who hath loved us unto death.



You Can Make The Day Bright!

A. B. C. BLOCKS

FOR GROWN-UP PEOPLE.

ATONEMENT began at Bethlehem and was finished at Calvary.

BORN of a woman, Jesus was subject to all the temptations of the Flesh, like man.

CHRISTMAS is the key that re-opened the gates of Paradise.

DAWN precedes sunrise, so the prophets and John the Baptist preceded the coming of the Saviour.

EVERLASTING LOVE gave in Christ its Best to save the Worst.

FATHER was the name which Christ gave us to call God's; the Jews knew Him but as Jehovah, Lord and Judge.

GOODNESS is better than Cleverness, Riches, Positron or Learning, and more to be sought after than any of these.

HUMILITY, like the full ears of the grain, bows while the sun ripens its golden corn.

INNOCENCE untried has Value, but no Merit: its Merit is measured by the temptations it has conquered.

JESUS! What name implies greater power, greater love, greater suffering and greater triumph?

KEE-DRILL is the key to success in all other drills of the Christian Soldier.

LOVE is God, and Sympathy is its incarnation: Christ.

MEAKNESS is the foundation of the greatest empire: the meek shall inherit the earth.

NONE need perish—not the vilest—Christ came for this very purpose: to save the Lost.

OBEDIENCE is the guide from the penitent-orm to Heaven.

POVERTY has much oftener proved a blessing than wealth: Jesus sanctified poverty by being born in the poorest of environments.

QUESTIONS bring answers, and answers bring light; doubt pre-supposes and brings gloom.

REALITY to one, is Fiction to another: it depends whether we see things with the eyes of the senses or of the soul.

SATISFACTION is not the end of the Christian's life, but its companion.

TEMPTATION, like the testing acid of the jeweler, does not injure the pure gold, but detects alloys.

USE has been the purpose of all things created—let us find the right use of everything.

VERTITY is a man's strongest shield—no extravagant use of language, no multiplying of affirmations, can make up for it.

WHOLENESS is a very expressive way of spelling holiness; let your life spell out your profession of holiness in that manner.

X—Stands for out, not for out-and-out.

YESTERDAY is the mother of To-day and will be grandparent of To-morrow.

ZEAL is the motive power of a man's heart; it requires the direction of a Sanctified Brain to achieve its best results. B. F.

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OCKS
ROWN-UP PEOPLE.

egan at Bethlehem and Calvary.
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ur

LOVE gave in Christ its
Worst.

name which Christ gave
y; the Jews knew Him
and Judge.

better than Cleverness,
n of Learning, and more
an any of these.

the full ears of the grain,
un ripens its golden corn.

ried has Value, but no
measured by the temptations
it has conquered.

JESUS! What name
implies greater power
greater love, greater suffering
and greater triumph?

KNEE-DRILL is the
key to success in all
other drills of the Christian Soldier.

LOVE is God, and
Sympathy is its incarnation: Christ.

FECKNESS is the
foundation of the greatest empire: the meek
shall inherit the earth.

ONE need perish—
not the vilest—Christ
came for this very purpose
to save the Lost.

OBEDIENCE is the
guide from the penitent-form to Heaven.

PoVERTY has much
often proved a blessing
than wealth: Jesus
sanctified poverty by being
born in the poorest of environments.

QUESTIONS bring
answers, and answers
bring light; doubt pre-sup-
poses and brings gloom.

e, is Fiction to another: it
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of the soul.

N is not the end of the
, but its companion.

like the testing acid of
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the purpose of all things
as find the right use of

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e of language, no multi-
ns, can make up for it.

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holiness; let your life spell
of holiness in that manner.
t, not for out-and-out.

the mother of To-day and
arent of To-morrow.

ve power of a man's heart;
direction of a Sanctified
best results. B. F.



TRAVELLING from Spokane, Wash., to Victoria, B.C., is a slow process, especially in winter, when a delay of several hours—I have known one of twenty-four hours—is the rule and not the exception. One leaves Spokane near ten in the evening, travelling all night, and arriving at Seattle near noon on the next day, and, after waiting there till 10 p.m. again, one takes the steamer at Yesler Wharf, travelling all night, and arrives early next morning at Victoria.

I have made the journey frequently, and it was on one of these occasions that I made the acquaintance of a very agreeable fellow-traveller, a commercial traveller and local preacher, (a combination not often met with.) We had had pleasant and profitable conversations in the train, and again on the boat, which we boarded together. An article in the daily paper directed our talk to some very ugly revelations of immorality and wickedness in a certain western city. My companion queried whether the wickedness of the antediluvians could have been as great as the one we had just heard of; I expressed the opinion that the extinguished race must have been wicked beyond conception, to bring about such a fearful judgment of God.

As the steamer, however, was late in starting, and we had had but little sleep the previous night on the train, we soon retired to our berths. The wind had risen, and a heavy swell had the boat roll and pitch considerably, but not sufficiently to keep me from falling into a sound slumber.

"Then a spirit passed before my face; the hair of my flesh stood up. It stood still, but I could not discern the form thereof: an image was before mine eyes, there was silence, and I heard a voice."—Job, iv. 13, 15, 16.

How long a period intervened between the time I fell asleep and the incident now to be described I cannot say. I was suddenly conscious of the presence of some invisible person. I strained eyes and ears to perceive, and gradually became aware of a dimly discernible form, like that of some giant-maiden, tall and fair. I wanted to ask 'Who are you?' but words failed me. Then the figure spoke:—

Listen! I have not come to frighten, but to impart knowledge about the theme of your recent conversation; in fact, your desire to understand has brought me to inform you.

Lilda is my name. The name of my native country and description of its surpassing beauty, would be alike strange to you, as neither exist now—in fact, all details of both are lost.

I lived before the deluge. Men in my time were of great stature and strength; fair of form and great of intellect, but, alas! also great in wickedness.

I have heard it said by many of your short-lived and short-witted men—who pride themselves on their accomplishments, expanding themselves like the bull-frog, with bombastic words—what a surprise it would be to Methuselah or Noah if they were to come into this present world and see the steamboat, the railroads, the telegraph and telephone, and other numerous and wonderful inventions, and you can believe me, that neither Abraham nor Noah would manifest any special surprise at your boasted accomplishments, but doubtless both would be amused after the fashion of a father being amused over the seriousness with which his boy tells him of the wonderful mud-pies and card houses which he has built, or, as an oriole would be amused, could she intelligently watch an artisan, who, with the help of many and intricate tools, was endeavoring to imitate her wonderful nest, which she built without



"Noah, leaning upon his maul, squarely turned and faced us."

tools or hands, and in a very short space of time.

Man before the flood was not a savage. In the first place, God created him in HIS OWN IMAGE, and if so, he could have been neither brute nor ignoramus. He must, by the bare fact of his being an image of God, have been in touch with Him intellectually as well as spiritually, in a degree which never has been known to man since. But the abilities and powers possessed by our first parents were not lost at the fall; their use was only something limited when the direct intercourse with God, which had existed, was interrupted. Yes, man was powerful in every sense; even the deterioration of eight generations before me only slightly eliminated these characteristics. Only ten generations spanned the time from the creation of man to the extermination of the entire race: a period of about seventeen hundred years! The ages of the ancestors of Noah, as recorded in Holy Writ, were, with the two exceptions of Enoch and Lamech, about nine hundred years and more each. Fancy, you calling a man old when he is seventy! In like manner, your stature and powers of body and mind have proportionately diminished.

Yet it is decreed by Divine Wisdom that it should be so, for the inherited powers, the traditional knowledge acquired, and the great practical knowledge gained, from the experience which a life measured by centuries must of necessity bring, would only be the means of refining, multiplying and strengthening the existing wickedness which you have so lamented but a few hours ago. I need not describe in detail the iniquities of my race; they were too revolting to be even conceived by your imagination, besides, your language has no words to name them, but you can imagine how blasphemous they must have been, when God repented of having created His masterpiece, and when only a deluge could stop the perpetuation of such infamy and crime.

I was born in a beautiful city, situated at the foot of towering mountains, and surrounded by a country of amazing fertility. My father was rich, and held an important office in the King's household. From childhood I was surrounded with luxury, and every childish whim was gratified by the slaves who waited on me. I was full of pride and selfishness, my delight was to kick my slaves, poke them with hot irons, and torture them in all possible manners, for mere amusement.

My father had a spacious residence with a splendid banqueting court, where orgies and high revelries chased each other; jugglers, dancers, and singers were constantly coming and going in our house, ever endeavoring to produce something novel and more skillful than had ever been seen before.

Our magnificent abode was situated near the city walls, from which we could see down into the meadows near the river, where a peculiar man dwelt with his family. Noah was his name, and the people called him the "Water-brained Prophet." He had been preaching for many years in the public square, and to the crowds which at times flocked to his place to watch him at his curious task. He had been telling for nearly one hundred and twenty years—at the time of which I am now speaking—that God had repented of Himself of the creation of man, and that He would send a great flood which would drown all the inhabitants of the earth on account of their wickedness. He appealed to the people to repent of their sin, and seek the mercy of God while yet there was time. But while many people

The War Cry

had, at this first preaching, became alarmed, yet as the years wore on, his story became old, and his exhortation met with jeers and scoffing.

"How can God repent?" argued the priesthood.

"He's got water on the brain," the rabbi scoffed, and named him accordingly.

Noah was building them an immense vessel, strange of design—far different from any ever built by men—and he claimed to follow a plan given to him by God Himself. The priests called this declaration a sacrifice, and Noah a pretender, who wanted to make out it better than the rest by condemning their pompous ceremonies and feasts as abominations. The river could have never carried that big vessel, which Noah was building in his meadow, but some witty youth remarked that he had enough water on his brain to float it when ready.

I remember well the day I went to closely inspect the big ship. My father entertained some nobles from a far country, and at their wish took the strangers to see Noah, of whose prophecy they had heard. When my father, with his guests, and a dazzling retinue, approached the vessel, Noah, busily engaged in the overhauling of the ship, more securely fastening some planks here, and testing with his ponderous hammer his workmanship there. To all appearance the craft was about complete.

When our procession came to a standstill, Noah, leaving upon his maul, squarely turned and faced us.

"What come ye to see?" he cried. "A strange vessel, a mad man? Yes, I know ill curiosity brings ye here, not desire for truth, for your eyes cannot read the sermon built in wood before you, neither can your ears understand the awful message which the sound of my hammer and saw has carried to you these hundred and twenty years."

"One more week! One more week and the earth shall be swept clean by the tears of Almighty God's compassion, Who, even in punishment, administers kindness to the future race."

"Ye are blasphemers, ye are adulterers, ye are murderers, ye are rebels against the Most High, Whose name no lip may utter. Ye are polluted, defiled, and filthy altogether. Even your evil thoughts and impure imaginations are evil, and from the foul source a vile life issues; the tor of your deeds is altogether a great stench in the nostrils of Heaven."

"Yet there is time, yet there is mercy still! Repent, repeat, repeat! God will yet save, if you will fall down before Him in the dust and mounds."

In such passionate words Noah thundered at us. I saw several faces blanch, especially one of the strangers, named Emaleel, but when a young chaveling cried, "Moderate your vile language, you old fool, and shave your grizzly beard," the spell was broken, and we went away chattering and joking.

That night, during a banquet, my father promised me in marriage to Emaleel, the wedding to be celebrated in a week, after which I was to go with my spouse to his native land.

A strange uneasiness filled me that night. I could not rid myself of Noah's voice, which echoed and re-echoed in my brain, while I tossed about on my couch. The following day I slipped away unnoticed in the dusk, and found one of Noah's daughters in the field watching the flock.

"Tell me more about your father's prophecy," I cried clutching her robe. "Is it true that the Great God is going to destroy mankind? Can it be true?"

She drew me gently beside her on the edge of the well and interpreted to me the awful mystery of that prophecy.

"You must repent and seek with a contrite heart the pardon of the Most High. Whom you have offended. Having sought and found forgiveness, you must come with us to the ark, for the flood will begin in less than a week."

I went home to my apartment in despair. I never knew she had told me the truth, but how could I leave this luxurious home, and give up the prospect of becoming the wife of a prince? Perhaps God would yet relax in His wrath and not destroy such a beautiful world. At any rate, I would wait and watch. If a storm should come up it would only take a few minutes to flee to Noah and enter the ark with him; surely he would not refuse me an entrance.

The following days were spent by my

father, his guests and myself, in a beautiful mountain retreat, surrounded by a great forest, where the men of our party hunted during the day. At the sixth day we returned to the city. Strange stories were told of a great procession of all species of animals which had entered Noah's ark during our absence, and the sight of it had alarmed many who almost believed in Noah's message, but the priest explained it as a trick of the prophet to gain adherents. The king had proclaimed a special feast day in honor of the birth of an heir on the same day, and made, dances, processions, fasts, and banquets.

Noah was building them an immense

and the crash of stone and brick could be heard distinctly through all the din of the elements. It was impossible to keep to the path, and I soon lost it. Over hedges, through thickets, across hogs—torn by thorns, bruised and trampling—but unmindful of all around, I, dominated only by the one desire to reach a safe hiding place, I pressed on until I stumbled exhausted upon a crag, high a thick undergrowth. Here I lay. Sleep did not come to my eyes that night. My head was reeling with the floods of thoughts that pushed in upon me—my loss of opportunity of salvation, my neglect, my wickedness, my sins everywhere in the city.

To-morrow I was to be married and leave with Emaleel for his country.

We had gathered at the time of the

evening sacrifice at the house-top. My

friends

and



SALVATIONIST'S "home corps" is among the sacred things of his life. Just as in the natural world, the people, circumstances, and places which are identified with one's early youth hold a place distinctively their own in the recollection, so does a Salvationist cherish and revere every memory attendant upon that wonderful period in his life when the light of Heaven shone into his soul, and through faith in the Blood of the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world, he stepped into the joyous liberty of the new-birth.

Though, it necessarily in years, though in general, fortunes relish upon the side of the得意 of the corps which has helped to bring it to which of which they have placed the spiritual parent, helping the high places in their career, and will seek to take advantage of the gained self-opinion, which, alas! has proved the undoing of the hallowed spiritual babe. At such a delight to listen to the narrative at his feet and absorb the spirit of his story.

In gazing a stray glance across the physiognomy of the five expert whose personality will form

the "piece de resistance" of his story, we shall be struck with the fat that, in appearance, but one of the looks anything like patriarchal. The brother from the grey of his hair to the two furrows ploughed by the hand of Time through his otherwise fresh countenance, we should judge to be about sixty or sixty-five years of age, the fraternal parent of Major Stebbins, the officer with the long face sitting opposite, and over at an angle gazing solicitously across the table, if anxious to see his father in as way possible. On the Major's right sit the Captain George Hartwell, a heavily built Field Officer with a new uniform, which had been bought, paid for, and presented to the Ensign a few days before by his old associates at the Tea-to-tum Tea and Coffee Emporium where long ago, George had served book-keeper, and was still held in the highest esteem. George's last corps was well known, "hard go," and his old men, hearing this, had paid in a sum money to the local corps officer for a few and span uniform, as before mentioned.

On the Major's left sat Capt. William Bries, a bearded officer, whose temple high and otherwise soared with suggest a close acquaintanceship with the sun side of life. Our assumption is correct, William was once a depraved profligate, and since his conversion has concentrated his remaining energies to the salvation of other profligates. He has for many years been an officer in the Soc. Work.

A little distance back, in a rocking-chair reclines a rather swarthy-faced, thin nervous-looking brother, whose long speech and general appearance proclaims the debilitated semi-invalid. He Captain Yaya Baya, otherwise known as an officer from the Indian field, and sent on sick-leave. The matronly lady sitting by the fireside is Mrs. Stebbins' Mother, a penitent form Sergeant of the local corps, and of the two younger women, both in uniform, another unmarried daughter, and the other daughter-in-law, the wife of the son, with the one exception of the Major's father, are each about the same

age, just passing the one might suppose, a. Yet each is in the full flower in Salvation Army service, both soldiership and terms extend back to the commencement of Jimscaville, of which the first recruits, pens, under similar dissoluble bond of

and to the home country. A compact had been made by the three in the first instance, to travel from the same the comradeship of the furloughs being so short when possible, two or three months together. It is Christmas time, and we might call "good luck" to prefer to think what ordering, it had been sent them all—ever the same from India—to meet us rejoicing.

It is the eve of Christmas.

THE SOUL BETWEEN DOUBT AND FAITH.

(Continued from page 19.)

exhibition of yourself on the platform. You are not suited for a public life. The wickedness of the world is too clever for you to cope with, its reasoning too subtle for your sincere, but simple arguments to meet. Not all are called to seek the lost in this unconventional manner.

THE SOUL.—I begin to realize the tremendous task I was about to put my hand to. Rather than make a failure I would draw back before committing myself.

FAITH.—You have done so already. God has said, "If any soul draw back My soul shall find no pleasure in him." and, in spirit, your hand has already been put to the plough. Those whom He calls He also qualifies. You do not feel more retiring than Moses, more unholier than Isaiah, more humble than Jeremiah. That God is yours, and He says, "Be not afraid for their faces," "I will uphold thee with My counsel." "Faith is He which calleth you. Who also will do it."

CELESTIAL CHOIR.

Think of those blest men of faith,
Never give up;
Who resisted unto death;
Never give up;
With whom the world they did,
"None but Christ!" the martyrs cried;
Ours is yet the stronger side,
Never give up!

THE SOUL.—Oh, blessed Faith, that nerves my heart to go on. 'Twas but the fear of not realizing God's high purpose concerning me that made me hesitate, but all that is gone now. The fear of shame is lost in the weight of privilege that is mine. How favored am I to be God's ambassador to the lost. I look forward to my new life with trust and joy.

DOUBT.—And yet that life must end. No matter how hot your zeal, you cannot keep up steam for ever. You will not find it so easy to retain a buoyant trust when health begins to droop, and the cold shadow of the tomb falls upon your efforts. The hard toil and hardship to which you are giving yourself will hasten the touch of Death's icy fingers.

FAITH.—He will not call you before your work is done. Do not live in dread of a conquered foe. He Who has given you living grace will not deny you grace to overcome the victorious.

THE SOUL.—Long or short, my life shall be His.

CELESTIAL CHOIR:

Rise, rise, my soul, and onward still,
All is well!
God will with all His fulness fill,
Stronger than death His love to thee,
And thus through all eternity,
A monument of grace shall be,
All is well!

FAITH.—All is well. Defy that. Doubt, if you dare.

Epilogue.

There is no answer. The dark pins which went in with such sudden clatter have soared as suddenly away. Soul is alone with Faith, whose lights a radiant glory on for ever and future.



The Major's left sat Capt. William a bearded officer, whose temper, though otherwise sobered mirth and otherwise sobered mirth, was a close acquaintance with the side of life. Our assumption is that William was once a depraved soul, and since his conversion has dedicated his remaining energies to the salvation of other prodigals. He has, for many years been an officer in the work.

The distinet looks in a rocking-chair, a rather swarthy-faced, nervous-looking, broad-shouldered man, and otherwise sobered mirth and otherwise sobered mirth, was a close acquaintance with the side of life. Our assumption is that William was once a depraved soul, and since his conversion has dedicated his remaining energies to the salvation of other prodigals. He has, for many years been an officer in the work.

Then, with the one exception of the

father, are each about the same

age, just crossing the meridian of life, one might suppose, and not be far wrong. Yet each is in the fullest sense a veteran in Salvation Army service; inclusive of both soldiership and officering, their terms extend back some fifteen years, to the commencement of the work in Jimucaville, which they were among the first recruits. As frequently happens under similar circumstances, an indissoluble bond of comradeship firmly binds the early converts to each other and to the home corps.

A compact had been entered into at the time the first batch of Candidates travelled from the Training Home, that the comradeship should be maintained, furloughs being so arranged as to bring, when possible, two or more of the friends home together. It was now the blessed Christmastide, and by what intuitions might call "good luck" but which we prefer to think was the Lord's own ordering, it had been found possible for them all—even the missionary officer from India—to meet together in joyful rejoicing.

It is the eve of Christmas Day. All

with the exception of the invalid and the Major's wife, whose young babe kept her at home, had celebrated the birthday of our Lord and Saviour in true Salvation Army fashion—by a rousing, yet melodic, knee-drill and special holiness meeting, after which the Christmas dinner had been eaten, and I had had two sweat in taking good place to the poor and sorrowful. It was now evening, and three hours, or thereabout, remained before bedtime. How should it be spent? "Singing," suggested somebody, which was followed by a chorus of voices shouting, "War memories?" The one who had proposed singing evaded the point, and it was decided that each should give a testimony under the heading:

My Most Notable Christmas on the Salvation Army Battlefield.

After a few moments spent in deep thought, the Ensign arose, and spoke as follows:

ENSIGN HARTWILL'S STORY.

"Well, comrades, I will act as a starter. It was my third Christmas as a commissioned officer. I was stationed at the town of G—. We had started well at the early knee-drill and felt God blessedly near in the consecration meeting which followed. Things were shaping handsomely for a good night meeting, when I felt could be safely left in the Lieutenant's charge. Accompanied by the Sergt-Major, I went off to the outpost, some five miles distant. At this outpost a brutal and unprovoked murderer had taken place some three months before, and was still the principal topic of conversation among the villagers. The murderer was a well-known character by the name of M—, a criminally-indulged semi-lunatic, who had at his disposal a gang of some half-dozen young fellows of vicious proclivities, who had long been the terror of the town. This gang attended all Army meetings frequently, causing considerable annoyance to the peace disposed among the audience. Comrades pointed out the fact that had been made, which was only too readily admitted by him who made it. M— was approached and the matter explained in a Christ-like manner, but the savage glint in his eyes spoke the mischief, and it was only a few nights later that the young who had put him out of the hall was found dead in the ground, with a horrible knife-hole in his groin, from which he had bled to death. There was no earthly witness to the transaction, and the murderer was discharged for lack of evidence.

"Well, now, this fellow M—, though more subdued than formerly, still attended our meetings, and by some means had taken a violent dislike to me. I had been warned of this, but had rather thoughtlessly the affair. At the meeting on Christmas night he was present with his gang, but did not molest us. After singing or light refreshment and partaking of some beer, he had pushed him down stairs, I had a business appointment to keep the following morning.

"We had got, I should say, about four half way home when we passed a group of men half-hidden in the shade of a great oak tree skirting the road. The moon was shining full upon the road we were travelling, and we formed a solid subjects for attack. We recognized them as M— and his gang, and fled. We had scarcely gone a hundred yards when we heard them, with frightful yells worthy of Cossacks and Sioux, bearing down upon us. With a silent prayer and without consultation with each other (for there was no time) we took to our heels. (A breath of relief here broke the tension of the listeners.)

"I think it is the only time I have ever run away from anything or anybody since being an officer, and I am not sure whether I did the best thing under the circumstances. Still, I got a fresh idea of the old proverb—

"He who fights and runs away, may live to fight another day."

"But to resume. We ran, and ran, and ran. Anxiety left wings to our heels. It was about two miles before we came to a dwelling, and then scarcely knew what to do. Stopping for a momentary rest, however, we espied our attackers running fast in the opposite direction, and rightly divining that it was them that the inhabitants of the near-by cottage, we hastened to the door, and sheltered the same until a white-robed figure from an upstairs window, mistaking us for the fire-patrol, asked in a nervous voice whether the conflagration was in the house or the out-buildings. Joy! It was a venerable 'Father in Israel.' A dear old friend of the S. A., and father of Sergt. L—, of the clippings. Our explanations were rather hazy, but we were able to make ourselves understood, and after a rest continued our journey homewards, in safety.

"I was a real deliverance. My companion avowed that he saw the flash of lightning in M—'s hands, and it was ascertained that he had in his possession that particular night the same hat which had sent our former protec-into eternity. 'He shall give His an-charge over thee to keep thee in all ways, is wonderfully true.'

"A wonderful and providential er-

ruary," said her husband.

"Yes, and to wind up the whole affair, our danger brought us into close relationship with the murdered man's friends, several of whom became converts and good soldiers. One or two M—'s gang were also converted, M— himself, said to say, 'appears to be as hard a case as ever.'

(To be continued.)



Ensign and Mrs. Coates,
Canadian officers, now in the U.S. Field.

Christmas Presents.

By THE CHIEF SECRETARY.

GING to have a Christmas Tree, did you say? Well, not exactly, is a kind of a Salvatorian Christmas Tree even it is not a real tree. I don't think that it is a matter very much, for it is the fruits we are after. It cannot be denied that a large majority of people are fond of presents. The readers of the War Cry are not exceptions, and are looking out for some nice presents. It is a great pleasure to me to remember this Christmas time and offer you some valuable gifts. Now then, how many us are there? Forty thousand! War Cry printed. We are safe in saying an average each War Cry will be read by five different persons, therefore this Christmas War Cry family is about two hundred thousand—a large family. I think I hear someone saying, "It will be no small matter to find presents for this tremendous crowd." I admit it is a large contrast; however, we must have courage and do our best. Our presents, first of all, must be what we most need and will do us the most good. You say, "Put in a little beauty." Yes, to be sure, they will come up to the expectation of the most fastidious critic. In our Christmas War Cry family there are a large number who are not converted in a state of spiritual starvation unless something happens. No happy Christmas for them; they have a sorrowful heart, an uneasy conscience, and an abiding void that the world has no filled.

What present would you like? How would an invitation to a supper suit you?

"JIM, YOU'LL COME WITH ME."

(Continued from page 12.)

at another of painful silence in which the paraphernalia of a criminal trial were. Sitting behind a long table, there was of magistrates whose faces wore a expression of condemnation and pitifully biting their nails, or raising brows as though exceptionally per classes and kinds of people could be found which filled every available space in the long room. There were his sat on window ledges, or stood groups, and who, now and again, calls of "Order in the court," shrewd up, Jim." There were some of the intent of the town trades-peopled up the front seats, whose presence no little surprise; there was keeper—his corpulent form figure in the row of witnesses, I will be wanted again in a Higher Court he will stand a single defendant thousand plaintiffs. There was women and girls who had a great of how they knew it would come what a fool Kitty had been not to. There was his old employer, who declared: "Jim was the best hand took to the drink," and there was Jovis, whose face and exclamations at time would have been contradictory expressions of both minute: she condemned him, the next at those who witnessed against minute she blamed the girl who loved her; next she would mop up her tears a world would be a good lot better with such love. Then there was the pitiful wife herself. Her face, with nemesis, stood out in the ruins while its woe-beset expressionified her as the wife of a murderer; all, although his eyes were the one whom, immediately of found without seeking. It was a of long long ago, but aged by tered with despair, and crushed. A shudder and a groan goes all like the moan of a midnight passing of the shadow of death. "dict was "Guilty." The pronounced it with no

ness; and your feet shod with the preparation of the Gospel of peace; above all, taking the shield of faith, wherewith ye shall be able to quench the fiery darts of the wicked. And take the helmet of salvation, and the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God."

Just exactly what you need for active service. Such a recommendation to the religion of Jesus Christ; think of it, righteousness and truth. These are such rare garments, long since gone out of general use and called old-fashioned. Never mind, they wear well; in fact, never wear out, and the longer you wear them the better they look. This salvation helmet on the head corresponds with the peace shoes on the feet. The whole uniform blends. Soldiers, put it on, keep it on, fight with it on, the will it on!

A certain portion of our Christmas War Cry family will be soldiers. I don't dare to invite you to the supper, you are already there, as you often say, "The feast is everlasting love." Salvationists are comme, and like presents. Before you were saved, and pride reigned over you, like something that made you look prettier than you really were. Praise God, you are delivered from that snare. Your present must be useful: not exactly ornamental—something

War Cry family is 200,000. According to the returns of deaths, about 25,000 thousand die annually, therefore, for next Christmas about 4,000 will have passed from the earth to eternity. It is not everyone that has an opportunity of addressing 4,000 souls before twelve months are over. It will be called from time into eternity. It is a very solemn thing to think of the death-bed of one person, and yet we are about to pass with 4,000. You say, "Yes, very well, it may be that large number are not saved." Blood-washed throng. We want all our family to be amongst this number. If this was assured we should have a happy family.

The question now arises, What do you most need? It is to be hoped, you have settled the most important question of your life, the salvation of your soul. Just think, this is the last Christmas. You are going to spend on earth. You are saved, did you say? Praise God for this. I am so glad you are two thousand in the front ranks of God's fighting host. Blessed be God for ever. For me, it will be to die fighting in this world. This is your last Christmas.

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Strides Under the Stars and Stripes

By COLONEL HOLLAND.



DEAR CANADIAN CRY,

I have been asked to write something for your Christmas pages, and I cannot find a better theme than an account of the important advances that have taken place in the United States during the three years that have elapsed since I said good-bye to the comrades in the Land of the Maple Leaf.

Of course you are aware that, just prior to the time of my transfer, the work here passed through a period of very severe trial, but it came through triumphantly and was found "not wanting." For honest toil and perseverance in the work of saving souls, even when in the crucible of affliction or persecution, it is hard to find the equal of the Salvationist in whatever capacity you may happen to find him. The Army here not only held its own during the period referred to, and since, but has demonstrated remarkable capacity for development and expansion. This will be understood when I say that in the department of which at present I have charge, some 51 Social institutions have been opened, with a weekly sleeping capacity for 4,000 persons. These institutions embrace almost every branch of Social Reform Work, and include Rescue Houses, work-shops, Food and Shelter Depots for out-of-work, and, in addition, three Farm Colonies have been organized and some two hundred persons have been located thereon. Without referring to the expense incurred in the other departments mentioned, the amount represented in the Social extension alone is no less than one hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

It is hard to convey a correct apprehension of the work accomplished from the recital of mere words or figures. I wish I could take my readers with me in-situ to inspect the work that might see for themselves the wonderful work that has been accomplished. This, as you will know, has not been without an exceedingly large amount of Self-Denial on the part of the large number of consecrated officers, each of whom, working in their own particular sphere, like the works of a clock, have assisted in the development of a misery-stripping machine, which is unrivaled in its extent and efficiency.

Of course, Commander and Consul Booth-Tucker have been radiantly bright centres of this constellation of workers, and it is only their ability and devised ways and means, their noble example, and their influence that, under the mighty blessing of God, have made possible such an accomplishment. God bless our American leaders!

Then the Army is endorsed by a larger number of the influential than ever before. Indeed, its friends by tens of thousands can be counted, from the President in the White House, to the merchant in his store, or the minister in his pulpit. All this gives the Army an amount of influence and prestige which it could not obtain otherwise. We are becoming an increasingly acknowledged factor in the welfare of the community at the present moment; picture of all our Social institutions are being prepared at the special request of the Government delegations as an exhibit for the great Paris Exposition which is to be held next year. On the same occasion stereotypically illustrated lectures on the Army's Social Work will be given regularly by the Exposition Representative of the Washington administration. So far as I know, this is the first time in history that such a thing has taken place.

There is much more that I would like to tell you, but I suppose I may consider myself fortunate if a place in your pages can be found for as much as I have already written.

In closing, however, I must tell you that the Canadian offers now fighting under the Stars and Stripes are dis-

tinguishing themselves in all the characteristics of successful officership and are proving themselves a great credit to the country from whence they came. Prominently amongst them I must mention: Brigadier Stephen Marshall, now the Army's chief representative in the Northern Pacific Division.

Brigadier McIntyre occupies a similar

Major George Wood is now on his way from Southern California to take up the duties of General Secretary for the Ohio and Kentucky Division.

Brigadier Streeter is resident manager of the Army's most important Colony, in Colorado.

Brigadier Scott, recently returned from England, has assumed the direction of the New Jersey Chief Division.

Staff-Capt. Connell has been appointed National Social Superintendent in California.

Staff-Capt. Watson is Sectional Officer in Utah.

Staff-Capt. Hunter is Sectional Officer in Cleveland, Ohio.

Staff-Capt. T. Adams is D. O. of a new and important District in Western Penn.

Staff-Capt. A. Miles, a Barrie convert, holds the fort at Waterbury, Conn.

A PIONEER CHRISTMAS.

By MOSES MOSSBACK.

UM mabhor, tell us about ther time wen yer fust setteld in this kountry o' ours, sez I to an old friend ov mine 'tother day.

"I don't mind if I do," sez he. "Why times is so changed that it seems fast like a dream to think o' what we went threw in the old days. I remember the time wen we fust setteld up north, we ad ter go too hundred miles ter sit that, an it took us five daze to do it, an wen we gets that it was muthin but bush.

"We hit a shanty ov logs, went ter work an cut down ther trees, an made a clearin; burnt the logs, as wood was no price then, and sowed ther grain we'd hro' with us. Then we went over it with a tree scratch that ad a racetrack drivin inter it. This jest livered it up with dirt an I tell yer it gress like two sticks thru virgin soil."

"How did yet get ther grane termed inter flour?"

"Why, we used ter thresh it with a flail and carry it on our backs ter the mill. That puts me in mind on the time father tak two bushel and a half, an starter ter ter the mill nine miles away. Wen 'e gets within a mile ov ther place a mabhor sees im, an sez,

"Good mornin, Josh!"

"Oh, goin ter mil," sez father.

"How's al thier folks at home?"

"Two bushel and a half."

"An how, Betsy?"

"Pretty bad, can tell yer."

"Ov course father wuz pretty deaf, an wen Sam told us about it we gayed the ole man, an 'e says,

"Wall, et yer ad thier same ter do, yer wad think 'e was talking about that."

"How did yet get ther lumber fer yer floor?" sez I.

"Why, lots ov ther mabhors didn't hav a floor at all, 'cepting the bare ground. But we got a floor ov planks. Ther was no mill ter get it at, so we just propped up a log, and won got underneath and other got a plank above, an just used lengthways 'e hand, ther planks were cut out. We used to level a lot ov thier timber with ther broad ax."

"What did yer generally do in thier winter time?"

"We used ter split roles, thrash grass, not with yer new-fangled machines that turn out yer 1,000 ter 1,500 a day, but just twelve bushel a day.

"An we used ter loggin bees, an go 'nting, as there was lots ov game. We hed ter keep the doors propped up party time at nite, fer the wolves used ter cum round and howl, an try to get in, an the hounds used ter get in the pig pen an tak great chunks ov flesh off ov the pigs with thier sharp claws. The deer was so bold too, sometimes theyed walk rite inter the house."

"Az this is so nere the season, tell us how yer spent Christmas."

"Wal, I remember wen Christmas we went ter see a mabhor ov ours, an we hitched up the ole mare, an off we started. Wen we got within a few rods ov ther place, blist if ther ole thing didn't shy, an out we goes al ov a heap. An the mare ran for ouce. The mabhor's boy's kin and elped us tip with our stuff, an then went after ther orse. She'd ad got out on a stump embow, but ther boy's got her back an we got one again safe."

"There was lots of wild turkeys runing around them, an sometimes we'd have one fer dinner, but we ud rather hav coose."

"There wuz no church ter go to, so we ud just sit around the open fire-places and crack nuts and tell stories, an hev sum games. If we didn't hav so mucney things as they hav nowdaze, I think we enjoyed ourselves the more. Sometimes a preacher wud cum an hold pray-meeting at ther houses, and I tell you we'd have a good time and good times. It is so quiet to me now in spite ov thier differtences, and our onely way ov doin things, we made more money an got along better than thier young folks duz nowdaze with all the improvements. Ov course, I suppose an old chap like me duzzant count for much now, but I din my dooty in my day, an I only opes az oow the young folks at do thier same, not forgetting ter seek first the kingdom ov God and His righteousness, an then all these things which is so necessary will be added unto them. Remember me ter all thier Army folks, Moses. Hoping as ov you will all av a Merry Christmas and a happy new Year."



COLONEL AND MRS. HOLLAND.
National Social Secretary, New York National Headquarters.

Our American Editor's Opinion of Our Former Chief Secretary.

ONLY a lad! A clerk in a mill, nearly fifteen years ago, Colonel Holland was invited to be the Secretary at one of the Army divisional centres. The Colonel has been destined largely in secretariats ever since. He has borne resolutely and successfully the responsibilities that have come with many of the most important positions of this character the Army could give him.

He well knows the Army's mission. He has a clear, decided, and unwavering devotion and ability from being drummer in his home camp in that of Chief Secretaryship. His was Field Secretary once and Chief Secretary twice in Canada. To our American readers and Salvationists he is known as the ablest and most capable man in the Social and Colonization work in this country. He has placed the Colony on a really good basis, and has been invited to the National Headquarters to assume the command of both the City Social and the Colonization work in the country.

The chief characteristics of the Colonel are: (a) Energy—he is always full of energy and the appearance of health. (b) He is a big heart and a kindly spirit; one of his most instinctive whenes is to see wherever one meets him. (c) He has a mind that is clearly spiritual, and of an executive character; he sees into things. (d) He is a leader who can command, and inspire men. (e) He is at home on the platform. An address by the Colonel is always a pleasure to hear, and one in which he succeeds in getting his audience to attain his object, one equally as well as the other. (f) He is a well-known, whole-souled, sincere Salvationist; he feels the necessity and importance of his cause, and makes others feel it.

Colonel Holland is in full accord with his experience when he came into the Army, he said: "I have never lost the up and down time we seem to have. I have come to the place where it is easy to do right, and this is my supreme ambition."

Mrs. Holland is kept at home considerably by domestic affairs, and the needs of the little "lovelings," but she is in spirit, as she has ever been, one who has a hand in the great work they have in hand.

LAWYER-COL. BREWER, Editor New York "War Cry."

position in Western New York, and is signifying his presence there by a rapid development of the Social Work.

Brigadier J. Addie, one of Canada's pioneer officers, has just gone to Kansas City as the leader of our forces in Kansas and Texas.

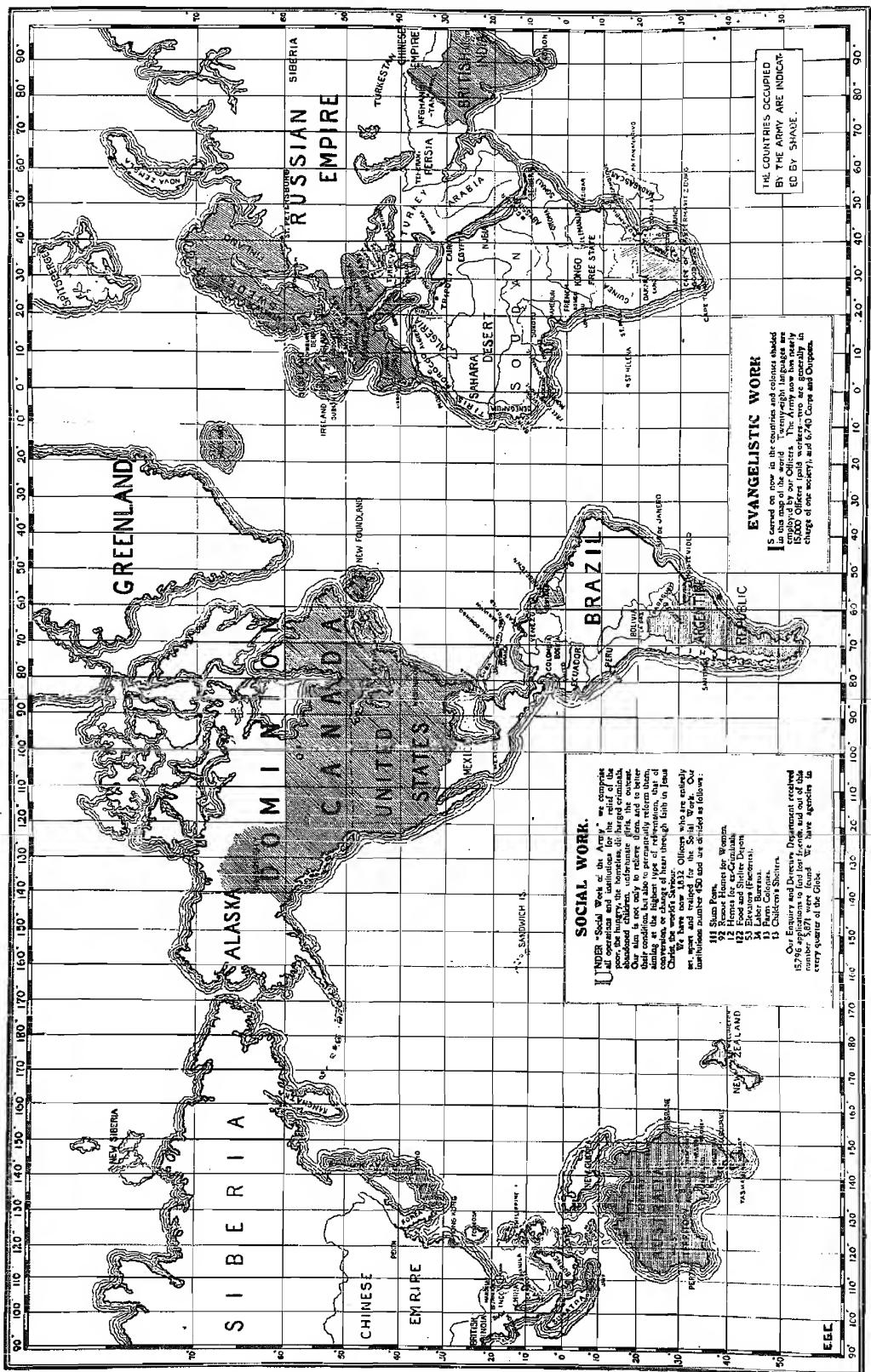
Major Ludgate, another veteran, is in charge of the Candidates' Department at the National Centre.

Major John Cousins is A. D. C. for Eastern New York and is making his influence felt in the onward march of his command.

There is much more that I would like to tell you, but I suppose I may consider myself fortunate if a place in your pages can be found for as much as I have already written.

In closing, however, I must tell you that the Canadian offers now fighting under the Stars and Stripes are dis-







OME years ago, in the month of November, I landed at Copenhagen, after a ten-months' voyage, and in thirteen days, spent every penny I had earned in that time, working nearly a month for a day's so-called pleasures. I was staying in a "Sailors' Boarding House." The boarding master knew that I was good for one month's wages in advance whenever I shipped again, therefore to that extent my credit was good. With the help of lots of thirty mates, I was in a very few days up to my limit, and then I knew that my time on *terra firma* was short. Sure enough, one morning after breakfast the landlord appeared with a ticket for me. I had just come up from St. Thomas in the West Indies; my skin was tender, and my outfit light, so he had promised to get me a ship for the West Indies or Brazil. The vessel I was to go on was laying at O——, and the ticket was for a little steamer to that place. It looked rather queer to me, that the deep-going ship, which was to carry me down into Southern seas, should have strayed into a place like that, for it certainly had no reputation either for its harbor or shipping, but as I had no choice in the matter I got myself and my belongings aboard.

Amongst the passengers I noticed a tall, slim-looking, young fellow, who, by his bearing and looks, showed, that like myself, he had seen salt water before, and by comparing notes, we found that our destinations were the same. He was looking for a ship with the same name as mine, so we stayed together. Later on, a green-looking boy came up to us. We could see that he had not been long or far away from the farm, and that he was just taking his first peep into the world. He wanted to know if we were not sailors, and finding his surmise correct, he told us he was not a sailor yet, but was going to be one very soon. He also was booked for O——, and it didn't take us long to see that the three of us were going to be in the same boat.

When we were well out of the bay, we got into a choppy sea; it did not amount to much, but when the steamer commenced to roll a little, "Greeny" (we gave him that name the first day, and it stuck to him like a plaster while we knew him) thought it was awful. He lost no time in emptying himself of all his sweetmeats, and then collapsed into a sick and sickening heap, for the rest of the voyage. Jack said to me: "Well now, he won't be a sailor for a day or two yet, he will have a time of it; you see if he don't."

We got into O—— the next day, and the boy got well the very moment we struck solid ground. We were received by an old man, from whom we learned that he was to be our future Captain. Great was our consternation when we saw that the only vessel in the harbor was an old topsail schooner. On the steamer, we had been talking it over, whether our new ship would carry single or double top-gallant sails, and here it was; an old tub of a schooner, with neither top-gallant masts, or sails, and three of us—if we could count Greeny for anything at all—were to be all the hands before the mast.

The Captain was about 60 years old, so his best days were behind him, but the Mate was a hardy looking, black-whiskered, young man, and he appeared, as he was, "all there," able to hold his own anywhere, but for all that, it was a weak looking crew. However, as we were a month's wages behind before we started, we knew from experience that there was no use of kicking: we had to face the music. The same day, we signed articles and got aboard.

The fore-castle was below deck, forward, and of all the dismal 'holes in which man was supposed to live, this was the worst! It was raining heavily, the water was dripping through the deck, and everything in sight

was wet. According to an un-written law, I being the oldest and strongest, had my first say, and selected the best berth, Jack the next, and Greeny could take his pick of what was left.

We were called aft before we went to work, and after the old man had taken a good look at us, and asked several questions, he said: "This is too bad. I have sent good solid cash away, in order to get men that are well fitted out for a winter voyage, in the North Sea, and here you are, dressed as if you were going to a ball, in dancing shoes and straw hats, with a newspaper or two to sleep in. Why, you will freeze to death, before we get half way to Scotland."

We told him that we did not care about going to that part of the world, and intended going to Brazil. That however, was not his intention at all, but the slight misunderstanding ended in him taking the two of us up town, where he bought us boots, and oil cloths, with sou'-westers.

In a few days we got out to sea, and then the fun commenced. Greeny was supposed to do the cooking, and lend a hand in general, but we soon found out that on ship-board he was useless. Braces, halyards, or sheets, always were the same thing to him, and remained so, and after nearly killing us a couple of times, by letting go the wrong ropes, and being thoroughly whipped for it, he was told under no consideration to touch any thing that was made fast. After that, he spent part of the nights on the look-out, but he always got lights from other vessels mixed up with the stars, and one night we just escaped coming into collision with a barque; when the excitement was over, he explained to the Captain that he thought the red light on our starboard bow was the corner of the moon just coming up. Well, the old man had no confidence in his astronomy, or watching, so it was decided that after this, he was to divide his attention between cooking and pumping, as we soon got into real hard weather, and heavy seas; however, he would get sick, and then all his labor ceased. So we settled ourselves down to the fact, that our whole crew consisted of three able men, with the old man to do the figuring. And sure enough we had a horrible time of it. Lots of work, and very little sleep. We were always wanted on deck, and when we got hungry, if it was at all possible, we had to cook the food ourselves.

At last we arrived at a little place, I believe the name was Boness; there we took in a cargo of coal.

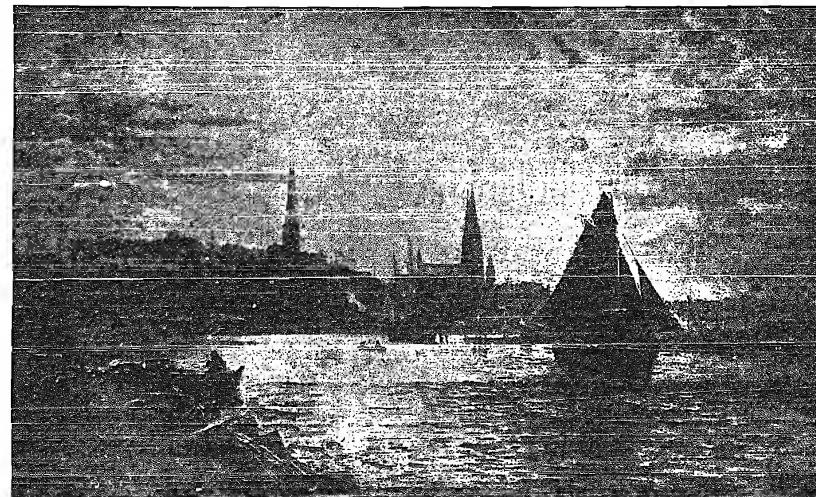
It was in the first part of December when we started on

our return voyage, and of all the tossing about I ever had, this was the worst. It was freezing, snowing, and blowing, and the lead-colored, white-capped seas were running like great hills, with long valleys between them.

Greeny was sick all the way. He would be sitting in the little galley, looking as black as if he had been given a coat of black paint. I don't know yet how he managed to get himself so black every day, as he did not do anything. Sometimes he would succeed in getting a little weak smoke from a fire, through the stove pipe, and then a squat of water would come through the door, or down the pipe, and he would give up in despair. He told us that he could not bear looking at us when laying aloft, it looked so fearful that he had to turn away.

Christmas morning found us still in the North Sea. We were laying "hove to," and with a close reefed main-sail, kept our tub facing the seas, putting her nose into every one that came along. And as Jack put it, "If she had not quite so much beam, she would be a great model for a torpedo boat, as she was better fitted to be under, than on top of, the water." Only for the rigging sticking up, it would have been hard for anybody to see us. The wind and snow were whistling through the rigging, the seas were breaking over us, and the timber in the old heavily-loaded schooner was squeaking, groaning and moaning, but the old man had every confidence in his vessel. "Oh," he said, "she will ride it out all right; she has done it a hundred times before, and it's rather late for her to quit now."

Very early in the morning the Mate startled us by saying that we were to have an "English Pudding" for our Christmas dinner. We thought that for once in his life he was joking, but we soon found out that he meant business. He went to the galley, and told Greeny to clear out, and go to bed. Then he started operations, while we were watching the proceedings, for we knew it was no easy matter to cook a fancy dish under the circumstances. It was not long before a black, thick smoke, different from Greeny's altogether, broke out in great puffs from the pipe, and we could hear the din of pots and pans, through the



storm. The very first opportunity I had, I took a sneak by the door as by accident, to see what was going on. I could not help but notice the great change; everything used to be as black as coal, but now, everything, the Mate included, was as white as snow, or at least as flour. A thin coat of flour was on stove and utensils, and everything within. Of course, what he did not have in his hands, or had not otherwise secured, was liable to fall or tumble at any time, but he stayed right with it, and about 2 o'clock (or four bells) in the afternoon, he came out with the long-expected good news, that the great pudding was now ready. We were watching, with great curiosity, a chunk of it about twelve inches square and four inches thick, and a pail of sauce, going down the cabin for him and the old man. An hour or so after, they both came up and took the deck, and told us to go and help ourselves. There certainly was quantity, and we thought that the quality of it was all right, too. It was of a brown color, and in some places there would be a bunch of raisins with nothing between them, then again, there would be several cubic inches with no raisins at all, and it was heavy besides. Well, outside of stone or minerals, Jack said it would hold its own with most any kind of substance he had ever seen. Even Greeny remarked "It looks like as it will stay with you for a while, boys, if you can only get it down, and I shall try a big chunk of it as medicine for this present sickness." The sauce, as near as we could judge, was made of flour, molasses, and water, highly flavored with vinegar, and by its help, we had no trouble in getting the whole English pudding down. We all felt, that through the goodness and kindness of the Mate, we had had a real good Christmas dinner, and I need not say, that we were ready to do anything for that man, after that.

It took us twenty-two days of drifting, beating, and running before the wind, before we got the schooner hammered back into the hole we took her out of, but at last, on a dark and dreary afternoon, we dropped the anchor in the bay, and were laying to till the next day, waiting for a steamer to tow us into the harbor. We were nearly worn out, and we could hardly realize that we could turn in for a whole night's sleep, everything felt so quiet and queer that for a long time we could not go to sleep.

SOME REMARKABLE COINCIDENCES,

OR,

WHO PUT IT INTO THE HEARTS OF THE PEOPLE?

"Therefore I say unto you, Take no thought for your life, what ye shall eat, or what ye shall drink; nor yet for your body, what ye shall put on. Is not the life more than meat, and the body than raiment?"—Matt. vi. 25-26.

I.—Bread and Meat.


LITTLE over two years ago Mrs. Brown and I went to take charge of our first appointment in British Columbia, some 500 miles from our home corps (Spokane, Washington). We arrived at our destination some time in the afternoon, and found ourselves in a strange place, and in a strange country, with three children, and only a few cents in our pockets. After some little inquiry we found the barracks and quarters, but found nothing in the cupboard for us to eat. After spending all we had for some provisions, we went out to hold our first open-air, with two or three soldiers that had gathered into the barracks for that purpose. We only got a few cents in the collection that night, and a very small crowd of people to hear us, either in the open-air or indoors. Well, it took a good deal of earnest prayer that night to keep our spirits up.

The next morning, after eating up all I had bought the night before, I started out with the few cents that we had collected, to buy something for dinner. As I walked down the street, and was passing a baker's shop, someone cried out, "Captain!" I stopped. A man came out dressed in livery and said, and said to me, "You eat bread, don't you?" I said, "Yes, certainly." "Come inside, then." He gave me \$1.00 worth of tickets, and said, "When they are gone let me know, and I will give you some more." Hallelujah! Part of one trouble was over already. I thought we could get along very well without meat, but when I got back to the quarters, I found a man there with a splendid roast of meat. Now, as we had said nothing to anyone about either meat

or bread, who put it into the hearts of those people to give them to us?

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II.—Breakfast Supplemented.

After staying in the same place a few days, we found the people very kind, but money very scarce. One morning we found ourselves without money, and nothing but dry bread for breakfast; but as many good Christians had lived on dry bread before, and that for many

The very hour we got into smooth water Greeny was well again, and made things hum in the galley. Pots and pans got an awful overhauling, and he didn't look like the same boy at all. In the evening he came down and started to talk. He said that one awful night he made the promise, that if God would spare his life, whenever he got back he should go right home and stay there. "Don't you know, boys," he said, "that I could kiss the ground if I was on it; I thought it was so hard and lonesome, to work and spend all my time just on a few acres, I wanted to see the world and be somebody, but I feel that I have seen just about enough of it. As soon as I get ashore, I shall go right back to the farm and go to work. And whenever I commence to feel like kicking over the traces again, I will try and remember this horrible voyage, then I know I shall be satisfied to stay on any man's farm."

I have never seen Greeny since. Perhaps I should not know him now. Whether he is satisfied or not, I don't know; I hope he is. Since I became a Salvationist, his words of that evening have often come to my mind.

I have been at sea in more than one sense of the word, and when the most horrible voyage that man ever undertook, through years of darkness, infidelity, sorrow and sin, on a drifting, sinking craft, with neither captain, compass, chart nor pilot, was ended, and I was on solid ground again, I, like Greeny, felt very glad and thankful. That very helpless boy has helped me to turn a very dark experience into a helpful one. Whenever the tempter comes around, and gets me up on a mountain where I can have a good look at the glittering things of the world which I once loved so well, and whispers into my ear; "All these things you may have yet, just for a little consideration," and, showing me the Narrow Way, tells me how foolish I am to walk in it, and that it is time to commence to kick or to widen it out a bit, then, just one look back has been enough, and I have always been able to say, "Get thee hence, Satan! Here I stand, here I walk; the road is narrow, and I know it; the sharp gravel and flinty stones have cut my feet often, and cut deep; but for all that, I praise God that I am on solid ground, and here, with His help, I will remain."



days together sometimes, we thought we could do so for one day. We sat down and thanked God for the bread, before we got through eating, the door bell rang, and on going to the door, we found a neighbor's girl there with a large basket filled with apples, oranges, and cake, and other good things. We just sat down at the table and had our breakfast all over again. Who put it into the hearts of those people to bring these things?

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III.—Dollar Bills.

On one occasion we were awfully hard up for money, and could not see how we could possibly get any at all. Sunday evening, just before meeting, the door bell rang, and on going to the door a man, a perfect stranger, was there, and, being invited, stepped in-

side. We were just getting ready to go to meeting, so we asked him if he would kneel in prayer with us before we went, which he did. After we arose from our knees, he reached over and dropped \$30 in my hand. I asked him what that was for. He said, "I know people out there to know what money is worth, and I know it, as you certainly get little enough of it." I asked him his name, but he said, "Oh, that don't make any odds, you have never seen me before, and probably never will again." Then I informed him that it was our time for meeting and asked him if he would go to meeting with us. He said, "No," that he did not have time, as he had just come in on a ship and that they were only coaling up and would go right out again.

On another occasion—that time it was on a Sunday morning—just as I had got out of bed to build the morning fire, the bell rung. I went to the door and the same man was at the door. I asked him in, but he said, no, his ship was almost

about a block away, a person with whom we were not acquainted, came to the door and said, "I was baking to-day, and along with some other things I baked some pumpkin pies, and I thought maybe you would like some, so I have brought you over a couple." Who put it into her heart to bring them?

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V.—Chicken.

Again, on another occasion, while Mrs. Brown was yet sick, she wanted some chicken, but we were not able to



ready to leave and that he would not have time, so he held out his hand and dropped \$3 in my hand. He then left, and I never saw him since. Now, these were times when we were very sorely pressed for money, and what I want to know is, who put it into the heart of this perfect stranger to build us up on a dark night and give us that money?

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IV.—Pumpkin Pie.

On a fourth occasion, Mr. Brown was quite sick, and she had not been able to eat anything for several days, but one day she said she wanted some pumpkin pie. I told her that there were no pumpkins at that time of the year; but she kept craving for pumpkin pie just the same. That very evening the wife of the baker that had given me the bread tickets, who lived across the street and

get chicken, as they were rather expensive. Before the day was over, Father — came to the door and said to me, "I have brought you a basket of apples and some other things." I invited him in, took the basket and emptied it. At the bottom of the basket was a nice dressed chicken, carefully wrapped in paper. Who put it into his heart to bring us that chicken? This is only a few of the things God has done for us.—Capt. Brown.

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Two Christmas Messages.

(To our Colored Frontispiece.)

I.—Two Thousand Years Ago.

AND there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the fields, keeping watch over their flocks, by night, and lo, the Angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them; and they were sore afraid.

And the Angel said unto them, "Fear not, for behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day in the city of David, a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord."

What a message was given to the shepherds, not only for their benefit, but "to all people." They were made the transmitters of the Angel's announcements. Why did the Angel not go to Herod the King—or to the High Priest—or the Rabbi of Bethlehem—or the chief people of that town? We will not answer these questions here, but by contrast point to the fact that the poor shepherds were chosen by God to receive the first announcement, and the Divine evidence that the Saviour was born. They went to find the Child, worshipped, praised God, and told others of the wonderful and joyful event.

How was the shepherds' message received by the inhabitants of Bethlehem? We have no scriptural record of it, but we should think, if the people had believed the message, they would have besieged the inn, carried the Child and its mother in triumphant procession to the finest mansion in town and celebrated the day as the most glorious one of time and eternity. If a son had been born unto the King it would have been so; how much greater rejoicing should the birth of the Son of the God of Heaven and the King of Kings have caused? As we have no record of such rejoicing, we may reasonably conclude that the shepherds' story found little faith.

Supposing Christ would come again to-morrow, and be born in a humble carpenter's home; supposing some farmers rushed into the city with tidings that an Angel had appeared to them while ~~they were~~ ^{they were} in the fields, telling of the wonderful event, what would happen? The newspapers would report something as follows:

RELIGIOUS MANIACS.

"This morning James Brown, Elias Johnson, and Joseph Green, three farmers living near Jamestown, came rushing into carpenter Smith's house and fell on their knees before the new-born infant of Mrs. Smith and worshipped it as the second re-incarnate Christ. These men created considerable excitement by shouting at the corner of Duke and King Sts. that Christ has come again, and trying to induce passers-by to form a procession to the birth-place. Being compelled by the police to move on, they went to the City Hall asking the Mayor to proclaim the 'joyful news' as they called it, and were only got rid of after considerable persuasion. Their shouts and strange behavior in the streets however, created such a disturbance

that these unfortunate men had to be lodged in jail. It is to be hoped that a night behind the bars will suffice to sober the farmers, who appear to have borne good reputations so far. It is feared, however, that they are suffering from a serious attack of religious insanity."

spare at best a smile, or a sympathetic nod, yet the drunkard, and the poor, and the outcast listen, and kneel at the drumhead in contrition. Then Christ is born again, in a life, and the angels herald the glad message of Lost Found, through the heavens.

II.—To-Day.

The snow covers the ground and gives a seasonable appearance to the city. Lights are blazing in the shop windows, where a dazzling variety of goods—useful and otherwise, are displayed. Belated shoppers are running hither and thither to purchase Christmas presents, and places of amusement are thrown open with "Specially attractive programme for the holidays."

On the corner of a busy thoroughfare a band of Salvationists hold an open-air meeting. Hundreds of people push by, some to

Two Christmases.

By Mrs. Capt. Parsons.

THREE years ago, on Xmas morning, we had finished our breakfast and were reading our morning's lesson, when we heard the fire alarm. The people of that town became very excited when they heard the fire alarm, owing to an explosion some years ago, when one hundred and twenty-five souls were swept into eternity. They were very anxious this Xmas morning, running hither and thither. Adjutant, Lieutenant, and myself also hurried off to see where the fire was. We had not gone far, when someone said "The East slope, one of the mines, is on fire, and it may mean an explosion."

It was very unlike Xmas morning; miners were busy working at fighting the fire. This slope sent up the best coal, and employed the most men. The men that worked in this slope were obliged to work in the North and West slopes on short shifts, owing to so many men working together, and coming up it all hours, some having to walk up two or three miles under ground. This caused the poor miners much inconvenience and dissatisfaction, and they endured much hardship. Which meant a strike. For five weeks in mid-winter the strike lasted. Hundreds of men loafing, and would not work without satisfaction. Manager against men, and men against manager. Men, with large families and nothing to eat, and no coal to put in the fire, in the cold, cold winter, fought it out, and stood as firm as rock rather than "blackleg," as they called it. In the spring, hundreds of men were dismissed, and had to seek employment elsewhere. Those who had property in that town had to go to other mines for work, as the two slopes could not employ all the men. All this was caused by the fire the alarm sounded forth that Xmas morning.

How unlike the alarm that was given on the Xmas we commemorate! Instead of it sounding forth dread or fear, the angel said, "Fear not, for behold I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people." It brought Peace and Good Will toward men. All may have peace in their hearts, and be at peace with their fellow-men. This Xmas tide Jesus comes and offers you peace and rest from sin. Will you accept it?

The Golden Age.

THESE things shall be! A loftier race Than e'er the world hath known shall rise, With flame of freedom in their souls, And light of wisdom in their eyes.

Woman shall be man's mate and peer In all things strong and fair and good; Still wearing on her brows the crown Of sinless, sacred motherhood.

There shall be no more sin—no shame, Though pain and passion may not die; For man shall be at one with God In bonds of firm necessity.

